£500 IN CASH PRIZES.

PLUM-TREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

NEW CONTEST STARTS INSIDE.

£500 in Prizes.

No. 706.] Postage, One Penny. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 28, 1904. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

BOVRIL

"Wherever did I put that BOVRIL?"

Almost everybody knows the value of Bovril as a strengthening and nourishing beverage.

Bovril is equally valuable in cooking. A little added to gravies, soups, croquettes, hashes, &c., wonderfully improves their flavour. Bovril also increases their nourishing properties.

"TELL THE COOK."

GOLD PLATE NAVY CUT.

The Tobacco that tastes nice.

Mild, 1 oz. 5d., 2 oz. 9½d.
Medium and Full, 1 oz. 4½d., 2 oz., 9d.

GALLAHER Ltd.

THE DANGER OF LIQUID METAL POLISH.

The inflammability of liquid metal polishes, due to the fact that naphtha enters into their composition, is not a new discovery, and users of these polishes must always remember that they run the risk of setting their premises on fire. Liquid polishes, too, are wasteful and extravagant to use.

[1] GLOBE POLISH on the other hand, is guaranteed non-inflammable. You cannot ignite it. It is also most economical in its use, for the smallest quantity is all that is necessary to produce the most brilliant and lasting polish. It is also unaffected by climatic changes.

[1] Does not injure either the surface of any metal, however delicate, or skin of user. Sold everywhere. RAIMES & Co. Ltd., Trafalgar Rd., Bow, London, E., & Stockton-on-Tees.

IMPORTANT TO ALL!

THE DESIDERATUM OF LIFE:

NATURAL LAWS:

It is Impossible to have a South Front All Round Your House.

BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE TO PREVENT, RELIEVE, OR REMOVE HUMAN SUFFERING BY NATURAL LAWS.

Or, in other words, Huxley says: "It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed."

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' prevents and removes disease only by natural laws. Its universal success distinctly proves that you cannot overstate its value. To prove the truth of this bold assertion read the 20-page pamphlet given with each bottle. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' always does good—never any harm. Its simple and natural action rectifies the stomach and makes the liver laugh with joy!

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

MORAL FOR ALL:

"I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' upon any Disordered or Feverish Condition (and in many conditions of Sleeplessness), is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

PREPARED ONLY BY

J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

DON'T COUGH for KEATING'S LOZENGES EASILY CURE THE WORST COUGH.

One gives relief. An increasing sale of over [illegible] shows its popularity. Sold in tins, 1½d. everywhere.

CORONATION PARCEL.

Comprising:—Dinner Set, Tea Set, Breakfast Set, Toilet Set, Teapot, Hot Water Jug. PACKED FREE, 21/-

Send for List of our Crockery

The New PEARSON POTTERY. Brook Street, Hanley, Staffs.

SENT ON FREE TRIAL

TRUE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM,

GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, ETC.

NOT A FARTHING TO PAY

SENT ON FREE TRIAL.

£25 GIVEN TO ANY SMOKER

who can disprove one of the following A contentions:

1. Cigarettes have a finer aroma and better smoking qualities than Cigars or Cigarettes of equal tobacco.
2. The manufacture of Cigarettes is cleaner, and free from the necessary malpractices of Hand Cigar making.
3. Being filled with manufactured tobacco, a thoroughly healthy and hygienic product, which is uniform, consequently a finer aroma.
4. Cigarettes are all tobacco without derivatives or other adulterations, therefore more wholesome than Cigarettes. (It only is yourself, try them.)

THE CIGARINE. Price 4d. to 10d. Per Box.

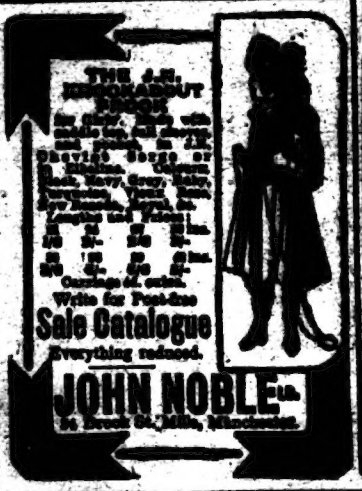
If not yet obtainable in your district send remittance to WARTMANN & CO. LTD.,

Photographs! Photographs! Catalogue, with Samples, 6d. stamps. S. FISCHER, Cassella 5, Genoa, Italy. (Please name this Paper.)

SHORTHAND BOOKLET GRATIS

Showing a royal road to the acquisition of shorthand and containing alphabet, specimens, &c.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN ASSOCIATION, EXCHANGE.



ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST,

And 156 TO 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Gentlemen's four-fold from 4/11 per doz. Ordinary quality Gentlemen from 3/11 per doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

J.G. GRAVES WATCHES 50/

"EXPRESS" (Rec.) English Lever

Specification.—Factory of Everyth. Jas. Hargreaves English Lever Movement, Chased and Jewelled, Ruby Working Throughout, Hardened Steel Pinions, Compensation Balance, Chronometer Balance, Hardened Steel Hairspring, Stem Winding and Setting, Dust Cover, made entirely in England. Warranted Seven Years.

Agents Wanted. Write for Terms.

J. G. GRAVES, 23 Division St., SHEFFIELD.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

START THE NEW CONTEST BELOW.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

START THE NEW CONTEST BELOW.

No. 706. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 28, 1904. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

QUITE UNEXPECTED.

"WHAT do you think, Mr. Dinsmore?" said Miss Frocks. "I lost my fine new umbrella to-day, and it had my name on the handle, too."

"Then you'll have to get another, of course," replied Mr. Dinsmore.

"Another umbrella?"

"No, another name."

"Oh, Mr. Dinsmore, this is so sudden! Still, you may ask papa."

CRABBED OLD MAID (sarcastically): "I don't suppose there is another baby like that in the world?"

Young Mother: "Oh, yes, there is! I left the other one of the twins at home with mother."

MR. PUFFY: "Your two lodgers upstairs, Mrs. Pancake, seem to be fast friends."

Mrs. Pancake: "Yes, indeed, sir, it's seldom they ever come home before two in the morning!"

THE REAL AND THE UNREAL.

YOUNG LADY (in book shop): "I would like something in the way of a novel that is really interesting."

Proprietor: "Something of the romantic order, or something realistic?"

Young Lady: "Which would you recommend?"

Proprietor: "Oh, it's merely a matter of personal taste. In the romantic novel the hero and heroine marry in the last chapter after all their troubles are ended, and live happily ever after, while in the realistic they marry in the first chapter, and then their troubles begin."

MAY: "Yes, I have accepted him. He says I'm a prize."

Fay: "Consolation prize, I presume. Nobody else would have him."

MR. BEAUMONDE: "How do you like the new coachman, my dear?"

Mrs. Beaumonde: "Oh, he's splendid! His hair just matches our pair of chestnut carriage horses."

THE FIFTH SEASON.

TEACHER (to class in school): "How many seasons are there?"

Class: "Four."

"Quite right," said the teacher. "Now, can you name them?"

Class: "Spring, summer, autumn, winter."

Teacher: "Now, can anyone tell me what season this is?"

After a pause, a little urchin held out his hand.

"Well, Johnnie," said the teacher.

"Please, sir, the football season."

MR. JONES: "What did you give your wife at Christmas?"

Mr. Smith: "I? Oh, I promised her something on her birthday."

JIMMY: "Let's go down to Tom Jones' house an' play."

Bobby: "But mamma told us to stay here."

Jimmy: "Oh, that's all right; her new bonnet's just come."

SPOILT THE PLAY.

AN amusing incident occurred in a northern theatre when the prompter, named Walls, told a girl employed in the theatre to fetch some whisky. The night was wet, so the girl intrusted the commission to a small boy.

The play was *Othello*, and Walls, who played the Duke, had just made inquiry of Brabantio, "Why, what's the matter?" when the small boy appeared upon the stage bearing a measure, and explained, "It's just the whisky, Mr. Walls; and I could not get any at fourpence, so yo're owing the landlord a penny, and he says it's time you was payin' what's doon in the book." The Senate broke up amidst uproarious laughter, as may well be imagined.

All rights reserved.]

£500 IN CASH PRIZES.

Great Letter Juggling Contest.

CASH DOWN. FIRST PRIZE, £250	CASH DOWN. SECOND PRIZE, £100	CASH DOWN. THIRD PRIZE, £50

AND 100 PRIZES OF £1 EACH.

• • • • • • •

THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THESE PRIZES MAY BE WON ARE AS FOLLOWS:

1. Below you will find twelve sets of letters, numbered from 1 to 12. In regard to each set, what you have to do is to find the longest word entirely composed of the letters in that set, *not necessarily using all the letters*. In each case, you must write (in ink), in the space left for that purpose, the longest word you can make. The word containing the greatest number of letters will be the correct solution. If two or more such words of the same length can be made from a set of letters it is only necessary to put down one of these words. Only one word may be written on each line.

2. Only those words found in heavy type in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary (any Edition from 1901 to 1903), between pages 1 and 771 inclusive, will be allowed.

3. When you have filled in your solutions, cut out the coupon below and keep it by you, together with the lists that will appear in subsequent numbers of "Pearson's Weekly." Don't on any account send any list to us until the closing date is announced in "PEARSON'S WEEKLY." Another list will appear next week.

4. Every member of a household may compete, but no competitor may send in more than one complete set of pages. In the event of a tie the prizes will, at the discretion of the Editor, be divided, or a further competition, or competitions, will be set until the prizes are won outright.

5. The first prize of $250 will be given to the competitor from whom we receive the best list under the conditions stated above. The second prize of $100 will go to the person from whom we receive the next best list, and the other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

6. Every possible care will be exercised in checking the attempts and arriving at the result, but in all cases of dispute the editor's decision must be accepted as final and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

FIRST LIST.

Example:
EGGJLUZ: JUGGLE (The Z is here an unnecessary letter and is ignored).

1. AELP .....
2. GIKN .....
3. EHOPK .....
4. ACFNY .....
5. AABDLORR .....
6. ADEHRT.....
7. ORRWY .....
8. DEINPS .....
9. FGHIT .....
10. EILNNT .....
11. EILLMR .....
12. EGLN .....

Name..... Address.....

.....

The second list will appear next week.

FINAL STORY. COMPLETE SHORT STORY NEXT WEEK.

The Investigations of Godfrey Page, Railwayac.

RELATED BY HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND HERE SET FORTH BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

[Godfrey Page takes the most intense interest—amounting almost to madness—in anything and everything connected with railways, and for this reason I have termed him a "railwayac," which is a shortened form of "railway maniac." By profession he is an architect, but being possessed of ample means, only works occasionally, spending his leisure in solving railway mysteries.—V. L. W.]

THE HEIR OF BARTON GRANGE.

"So you want a story to wind up this little series, do you?" said my brother-in-law, Godfrey Page. "Well, let's see what I have in the way of notes."

He reached down several manuscript and scrap-books from his bookshelf, and began turning over the pages.

"Here's a little thing might do if it were not so short and simple," he said presently, "the affair of Mr. Richard Harting, collector of precious stones. But, no, you could never make a story of it."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Only this. Mr. Harting called on me one day to consult me about a mysterious railway journey. He stated that two men came to his house in Baker Street one evening and offered him a large fee if he would go with them and give his opinion on some stones. But they made the extraordinary condition that he should be blindfolded, and stuff cotton wool in his ears.

"Curiosity prompted him to go. He told me they started in a cab, and eventually drew up at a railway station. Having his ears stopped, he could catch no sound except once when he heard one of his guides telling someone, evidently an official, that he had just undergone an operation for his eyes. Then they got into the train.

"He described the journey as lasting about ten minutes, and, just before we stopped, he said, 'I fancy we ran through a tunnel, for there was a roaring noise above the rattle of the train. When we got out we went up two short flights of steps on to a boarded platform. We walked along this, and ascended another set of stairs at the end.'

"'Good,' I remarked, 'and then, did you turn to the right or left?'

"'Sharp to the right. Presently we got into another train, which seemed to travel slowly, and I noticed a peculiar bumping sensation—every second or so there were two quick, distinct bumps.'

"'And when you stopped at a station, could you distinguish a sharp succession of hissing sounds from the engine?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you got out of the carriage the opposite side to the one you got in?'

"'I did.'

"'What number of station was it?'

"'The third. Then we walked over a footbridge, down the other side, and into the street, turning sharply to the right after. I had counted some hundred paces. Fifty paces more and we entered a house.

"'Then the bandage was removed, and I was shown the jewels. They were genuine, without a doubt, and, what was more, I recognized one of them. I had seen it once before in a necklace on the Countess of Singleton. Then I knew I was called upon to pronounce my opinion on stolen articles.

"'When it was over they paid me a handsome fee, we went out of the house and travelled some distance in a cab. Then we took train once more.

"'After stopping at several stations it suddenly struck me that I was alone. Not to break my promise I carefully felt over the carriage. No one was there. I tore the bandage from my eyes just as the train ran into a station, which turned out to be Bishop's Road. Can you help me in locating the house?'

"'Certainly,' I said. 'First you travelled from Euston to Willesden, through the tunnel under Kensal Green Roman Catholic Cemetery, the noisiest one anywhere near London, then you mounted the high level "island" platform, and got into a Mansion House L. and N.-W. train. The six-wheel coaches of these trains always give a double bump in passing over rail joints, and the engines are fitted with a peculiar sounding steam brake pump.

"'The third station was Addison Road, and the street was naturally Sinclair Road. They brought you there by a roundabout way to puzzle you, and then probably drove you to Hammersmith, and put you into an Aldgate train there. Very plucky of them!'

"I was right, for Mr. Harting was able to put the police on the track of a gang of thieves who had been 'wanted' for months. But, as I say, this little affair is not enough to work into a story. Let me see— Ah! Now here are the notes of rather a peculiar case. I think I can hardly call it an 'investigation,' though.

"To tell you the truth, it's the only affair in which I ever took affairs into my own hands and played a trick myself upon a railway company. Not that I did any harm, though if I had been caught I might have found myself in hot water.

"However, I'll tell you all about it, and though, as I have already stated, it is scarcely an 'investigation,' still, on account of peculiar circumstances connected with the case, you may see fit to incorporate it into your little series."

* * * * *

It was early in the evening of the 29th March, 189—, that a knock came at my door, and the servant brought me in a card bearing the name of:

MR. JOHN SAUNDERS,
2, St. Philip's Chambers
Warnhurst

I directed the stranger to be shown in, and found myself confronted with a young man of some thirty years of age.

"I must introduce myself as a solicitor, of Warnhurst," he began, "and have come to ask your advice on a rather delicate and important case."

I handed him a chair.

"I have heard several times," he went on, "of your skill in detecting matters relating to railways. Now, it is not exactly a mystery that I am going to ask you to unravel, but I want to know how to accomplish something in connection with a train."

"And what is that?"

"It's rather a complicated story, but I'll tell you as briefly as possible. Warnhurst, as you probably know, is just over a hundred miles from London.

"About five miles from Warnhurst is a village called Little Barton, and until recently there lived at the only decent sized house in the place, Barton Grange, a very eccentric old gentleman named Kempster. He was a bachelor, and very wealthy. He had two nephews, his brother's and his sister's sons respectively, one named Edward Kempster, and the other James Murray.

"For the last five or six years he forbade these nephews to go to his house or to communicate with him in any way, his reason being that they were both after his money, and he was not going to encourage them or promise anything.

"Edward Kempster went abroad—to India—and after a while James Murray also went out of the country—the fact was that he acted the part of a blackguard in a certain case, and found it advisable to leave.

"About three months ago the old gentleman died very suddenly, and it was found that his will was as eccentric as anything he ever did in his life. His butler, an old and trusted servant, is to take charge of the house and live in it for a period not exceeding six months.

"The estate is left to the nephew who within that period arrives first at the house and receives the keys from the butler. In the event of neither of them arriving to claim the property within the limit, everything goes to charities."

"What an absurd and extraordinary measure!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly so, but those are the terms, and the will is perfectly legal. As soon as I knew of it I set to work to advise Edward Kempster to return home without delay. He is a very old friend of mine besides being my client.

"My cablegram to India did not reach him at once as he was away on a shooting expedition. At length I had a reply, saying he was leaving Calcutta by the *Irene*. Meanwhile, James Murray's friends have been doing all in their power to find him.

"Beyond the fact that he was last seen in Egypt nothing was known of him. Judge of my astonishment when I received this cablegram last week from Port Said."

He handed me the message, which read as follows:

"James Murray has come aboard. He knows.—KEMPSTER."

"Why, they are both coming back together!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly so. That is the very difficulty. But, wait a minute. Here is another telegram sent off from Brindisi. Read it."

The second telegram ran:

"Coming overland. So apparently is James. Obstacles put in my way, but shall catch next express. Meet boat if possible, and arrange something."

"And," went on the lawyer, "here is a third wire, simply saying, 'Just starting—James on train.' It's a precious dilemma, isn't it? Of course they'll both arrive in England at the same moment."

I consulted my continental Bradshaw, and, comparing it with the time and date on the last telegram, easily worked out the train from Brindisi, and on across Europe.

"They'll get to Dover by the afternoon boat to-morrow and catch the 5.45 express," I said, "arriving at Victoria at 7.30. Then there's a fast train from London to Warnhurst at 8.5. They'd catch that if the boat train is at all punctual. But what do you want me to advise you about?"

"Why, can't you give me some hint as to how either Kempster can be hurried on ahead of Murray, or the latter delayed?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I don't see how it could be managed. And even if, by tampering with the railway in some way it could be done, I really don't feel disposed to assist you. Why should I?"

"I'll admit there is no claim, certainly. But I want to get my old friend in first."

"Naturally—and, I presume, the other fellow has friends wanting to get him in first?"

"Yes, he has. And I know they're very excited about it. In fact, I suspect Murray has wired to them, for a couple of the fastest horses in Warnhurst are engaged for to-morrow night. That I know. At any rate, tell me this: Would it be any use getting a special train?"

"Not the slightest. They'd never run it in front of that boat express from Dover, and supposing you engaged one on the Warnhurst line—it would be the same case. You couldn't get your client to the station in time for them to run one before the 8.5. No, that won't do!"

"Now, Mr. Page, is it *possible* to get my man in first? That's a fair question."

I spread a railway map on the table, and placed my finger on Warnhurst. Then I said:

"Just take that pencil and mark the exact position of Little Barton."

He did so, touching a spot west of Warnhurst, and slightly to the north of it.

"You say it is five miles away from Warnhurst?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't see—ah!"

"What is it?"

A strange idea had suddenly struck me.

"Yes," I said, "it *is* possible."

"Without doing any harm?"

"Without doing any harm. But it would be difficult."

"How would you do it?"

"I don't feel myself justified in telling you."

In vain he argued and expostulated. I was obdurate. At length he rose in rather a temper.

"Well," he said, "if you won't tell me, you won't. But if you should change your mind I am staying at the Langham to-night and shall wait in for you till ten to-morrow morning. I need hardly say that you would receive a handsome fee for your advice."

"I'm sorry," I said, bowing him out, "but I don't feel disposed to give it."

You'll laugh at me, but half an hour later I changed my mind. Another visitor was announced to see me, this time a lady—"Miss Ethel Howard."

"I've come up all the way from Warnhurst," she exclaimed, "Mr. Saunders told me he was coming to see you. You are so clever, he said. Have you seen him?"

"I have."

"Oh, and can you manage for Ed—for Mr. Kempster to get to Barton Grange first?"

"I told him there was a way, but——"

"Oh, how good of you! And——"

"But I am not prepared to disclose it."

"But you *must*! Oh, Mr. Page, please do. You don't know how much depends on it."

"You seem very interested?"

"I am. Oh, I should get into *awful* trouble if they knew why I'd come up. They think I'm going to stay with my aunt in town. So I am. But I've come to see you first. The truth is Edward—Mr. Kempster—and I are engaged. No one knows anything about it. And, oh, his cousin, James Murray, is such a wretch!"

"Why?"

"He—he—proposed to me."

"Is that why he's a wretch?"

"No, but I refused him—and—and he threatened he'd do dreadful things to Edward. Besides, he's a cheat—he cheated at cards at the Hardings—and——"

"The Hardings!" I exclaimed. "Not the Shropshire Hardings?"

"Yes. Do you know them?"

"Very well. Now I *knew* I'd heard the name of Murray before, and now I recollect all about him. Young Harding told me of the affair. No wonder he cut the country at the time. Upon my word, I feel half inclined——"

"Oh, *do!* Please, Mr. Page, do help!"

"You go to your aunt," I replied, "and I'll do what I can."

As soon as she was gone I looked at my watch. It was only eight o'clock. Then I consulted my map once more, and marked off a point some four miles this side of Warnhurst.

In a few minutes' time I had written the following letter:

"MY DEAR TOWNSEND,—*I am writing to ask you a great favour. I understand that you are the engineer superintending the construction of the new branch line from Rackham to Stonechurch, and that six or seven miles are already laid with temporary rails. You know my railway hobby! Will you give me a run over the line to-morrow evening? I have a particular reason for asking you, and am sure it is not trespassing on our old friendship too much. Wire reply on receipt of this, and if favourable, I will call at your office at Rackham to-morrow afternoon.*"

This letter I directed to:

"*Charles Townsend, Esq.,*
"*Temporary Offices,*
"*Rackham and Stonechurch Ry.,*
"*Rackham.*"

Then I went out, posted it, and eventually found my way to the Langham Hotel. Saunders was rejoiced to see me and to hear that I had made up my mind to help him.

"Now," I said, "you must do exactly what I tell you, and I warn you, to begin with, that it all depends upon your client catching the 8.5 p.m. to Warnhurst. Meet him at Dover and travel up with him, looking out for tricks.

"Get a first-class carriage to yourselves on the 8.5 train, and when you are well within half an hour of Warnhurst, the first stop, draw the cover over the lamp. Just about ten o'clock, four or five miles before reaching Warnhurst, the train will stop."

"How?"

"Never mind. I should have asked you to stop it with the cord, only, in that case, they would search the train, and might cause trouble. I'll see to it. All you have to do is to open the door and make Mr. Kempster get out. Tell him to lie at full length in the grass by the side of the line, and not to move till he hears his name called. You go on in the train and leave the rest to me."

"Is that all?"

"No. Do you know a little place called Medford?"

"A mere hamlet."

"How far is it from Little Barton?"

"About two miles."

"The new railway to Stonechurch will run through it, eh?"

"It will."

"Write to-night to someone you can trust at Warnhurst and give orders for a fast dog-cart to be waiting at Medford as close as possible to that new line, the driver to be there sharp by ten to-morrow night, and to show a good strong light that will be seen from the direction of the new line—that's all—no, no questions, please. Will you do this?"

"I will, but——"

"Good-night, then."

The next morning about ten o'clock, I received a wire from my friend Townsend. It was just a stroke of luck that he happened to be the engineer of that bit of line, otherwise I could not have carried out my plans. The wire said:

"*All right. Pleased to see you.*"

Now let me explain. The new line in question was eventually to branch off from the main Warnhurst line some half mile beyond Rackham, a small village, and to run some twenty miles or so to Stonechurch, passing, as has been said, within two miles of Little Barton. The junction with the main line was not yet effected, but the temporary rails were laid within a hundred yards or so of the point of eventual contact.

Well, I went down to Rackham by a slow train in the afternoon and saw Townsend. I explained to him that I wanted his little contractor's engine to be under full steam and himself

You must buy the February ROYAL MAGAZINE if only for the thrilling article on "Dangerous Pastimes."

only on the footplate at a quarter to ten at the temporary terminus.

At first he thought I was mad, so I explained the plot to him. For some time he was against it, but afterwards the novelty of the thing struck him, and he consented to help.

"But how are you going to stop the Warnhurst train?" he asked.

"With this," I replied, drawing a large loaded revolver from my pocket.

"Man alive! You're not going to shoot the driver, I hope!"

"No, no," I laughed, "I'm only going to test an idea of stopping a train that I've long wished to see done, that's all."

At half past nine I took up my position on the main line half a mile or so the other side of Rackham and close by the temporary terminus of the new line. It was a very dark night, and well suited to my purpose.

Just about ten o'clock I heard a rumble on the down line, and saw the headlights of the Warnhurst train rapidly approaching. Then I lay down on the ground, just clear of the metals, and held my revolver close to the rails, pointing beneath a joint.

The instant the great engine rushed by me I drew trigger quickly three times.

"Bang—bang—bang!"

The best substitute for a fog-signal I had ever heard!

There was a shrill whistle, and before the train had passed, the sparks began to fly from the wheels as the driver applied the vacuum brake.

She was stopping!

I rolled off the embankment and hid myself as the train came to a standstill some three hundred yards further. A pause, another whistle, a cry of "All right!" from the guard borne down faintly on the breeze, a few sonorous puffs, and she was off again.

"Some practical joker laying fog-signals on the line!"

Such was the verdict I afterwards hea d.

Quickly I ran along to where the express had stopped.

"Mr. Kempster!" I called once or twice.

"Hullo!" came an answer from the grass.

"Come along! There's not an instant to be lost!"

"What's going to happen now?" as I hurried him over the fence and across a field.

"An engine ride," I said.

"I shall be glad when it's over, I've been travelling day and night, and that cousin of mine doing his best to put a spoke in my wheel all the time."

"We've put a spoke in his, now," I said. "Here we are! Jump up! Off you go, Townsend."

As long as I live I shall never forget that six mile ride over the hastily laid rails on the little contractor's engine. We held on like grim death while she snorted and jumped, rushing down unfinished inclines, and snorting up gradients, whirling round curves, and bumping over the unballasted way.

It was about as bad an experience as I have ever had, and I was by no means sorry when we drew near Mudford and suddenly "spotted" the light in the dog-cart in a road that crossed the line by a bridge.

"You'll come on?" said Kempster as he jumped off the little locomotive. "See me through it. Saunders is going to drive from Warnhurst, pretending I'm with him, and letting James have the lead. Come and see the fun!"

I yielded, said "Good-night" to Townsend, and off we whirled through the country lanes until presently we turned in at a gate and drew up at a large house. The lights were burning in the hall. We were evidently expected.

Edward Kempster jumped down and thundered at the door. It was opened immediately by a grey-haired old man.

"Master Edward!" he gasped. "You've got here first."

"The keys, Blanchard, the keys!"

"Here they are, sir."

He handed them over.

"You are the possessor of Barton Grange, Master Edward—and none too soon. Hark!"

For horseheofs were heard galloping up the drive, and there emerged from the darkness a panting steed, covered with foam.

James Murray had ridden.

"First!" he yelled as he leapt from the horse.

"No!" shouted his cousin as he stood in the hall, waving the keys above his head. "I'm before you, James."

The other stood still for a moment spellbound. Then he gave utterance to a torrent of oaths. Suddenly, without warning, he drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at his cousin. I was just in time to strike his arm up, and the bullet went crashing into a picture in the hall.

Then, flinging his weapon at the heir, he turned and vanished. That was the last I ever heard of James Murray.

Whether I did right or wrong is a question, and I've had some qualms of conscience since. But on more than one occasion I've been down for a few days' shooting at Barton Grange and laughed over the affair with Edward Kempster and his charming wife. At all events he deserves what he got—and his cousin what he *didn't* get.

(A complete short story next week.)

HENRY: "I do wish we had an encyclopædia, Amelia."

Amelia: "Well, I don't. If we had one, Henry, you'd get full of information, and be duller than you are now."

IDA: "Walter has broken off the engagement between himself and Della."

May: "Well, I suppose she is still grateful for the boxes of chocolate he used to bring her every Sunday."

Ida: "Quite the contrary. She says he ruined her teeth."

SHOP ASSISTANT (to lady looking at mourning goods): "That is an excellent piece of goods, madam."

Lady: "Will it do up nicely?"

Shop Assistant: "Oh, yes, madam. I sold some of that crêpe to Mrs. Smith several years ago, and to-day she is wearing it for her third husband."

Countries that Live On Postage Stamps.

How Impecunious Nations Have "Raised the Wind."

The Sale of Stamps to Collectors Constitutes One of Paraguay's Chief Sources of Revenue.

And St. Helena Keeps Its Finances Straight After a Similar Fashion.

IT is said that the natives of the Cook Islands were the first to discover that the expenses of government could be defrayed by the simple process of continually issuing new sets of letter labels.

These guileless Polynesians, who do not number in all more than ten or eleven thousand souls, were originally cannibals. But, becoming converted to Christianity, they found that the ways of civilisation required the use of postage stamps.

They accordingly got a supply from New Zealand, printed with a neat border in ordinary letterpress on prepared gummed paper.

Before long the dealers began to buy up these very unpretending stamps, and so many were asked for that the native rulers realised that here was a new industry, more profitable even than the growing of coffee or the making of copra.

At once they rose to the occasion. A new issue of different design, and properly engraved, was ordered, and again the

wholesale dealers rose to the bait.

Afterwards all was plain sailing. Whenever the islanders thought they wanted a fishing boat, or some more top hats, or a fresh supply of whisky, they brought out a new stamp.

It is estimated that in these early days, before collectors began to fight shy of what philatelists call "speculative issues," quite a million and a half of stamps were dispatched abroad from this lonely little archipelago, not one of which, of course, represented any postal work done in exchange for the money paid for it.

After the Cook Islands, the South American Republic of Paraguay was among the first to enter into the new "business." It has continued at it, too, ever since, so that at the present moment this petty inland State, which is mainly populated by uncivilised Indians, is responsible for over 130 spaces in the collector's album. And the majority of its stamps have been issued since 1892.

But even this is not a record, for the French colony of Obock, on the Red Sea littoral, has issued more than 200 varieties in the same space of time, although its administration consists merely of a governor and eight functionaries, and

its capital is a village of huts.

Many of our native Indian States, too, are sad sinners in this respect. For instance, Faridkot, which is about the size of an ordinary English shire, flooded the market a few years back with sets in all sorts of sizes, kinds, and values; and this although its need for postage-stamps at all is more than doubtful.

At Bhopal, again, in the Presidency of Bengal, an official was specially appointed to push the sale of local stamps among the collectors and dealers of the world.

The Bamra Federation, not content with even this illegitimate method of doing business, hit upon the expedient of issuing several sets of stamps, containing, for each value, as many varieties as there were specimens on each sheet.

Of course, the profits attached to this sort of thing are enormous. A Tonga postmaster was prosecuted for embezzling £5,000, which he had received in the course of a few months for stamps sold outside the island.

In replying to Lord Ripon in 1893, Sir Alfred Malony, the then Governor of British Honduras, said that the actual revenue exceeded the estimated revenue by over 50,000 dollars (£10,000), which was "largely due to an abnormal sale of

surcharged postage stamps to collectors."

Not infrequently, private individuals even have taken a hand at the game on their own account. In 1889, for instance, there appeared upon the market a set of seven stamps purporting to have been issued by the "King of Sedang."

Inquiry revealed that the "king" was an ex-officer of the French Navy, who had assumed the title without the least right to it.

The Sedangs, it may be added, are an insignificant tribe inhabiting a small district on the borders of Annam.

Another flagrant case was that of Baron Harden-Hickey, who landed on the desolate and uninhabited island of Trinidad in the summer of 1894, took possession of it under the title of King James I., and issued a set of stamps bearing a finely-engraved picture of his yacht lying at anchor in the bay, and also a series of post-cards and letter-cards.

It was the advent of this issue in the stamp markets of Europe which caused Great Britain to wake up to the fact that her flag had long previously flown over the island, and a man-of-war was dispatched there forthwith. Her captain hauled down the usurper's emblem, and confiscated his stamps and dies—a double misfortune, which so affected him that he not long afterwards committed suicide.

Even more barefaced, perhaps, was the issue of what were known at the time as the Clipperton Island series, printed in 1895 for the benefit of the single 'cute Yankee inhabiting that desolate and undesirable spot.

But, after all, these swindles—they were little else—defeated their own object. Better, far better, get some small, semi-bankrupt State to agree to allow one to issue stamps for it, and go shares in the proceeds of the speculation.

So, in 1886, argued Mr. Charles Parker, a civil engineer, who agreed to provide Guatemala, free of charge, with two million postage-stamps of a new design, on the understanding that the whole of the old issues should be handed over to him.

This plan of procedure was ingenious, but shortly afterwards a Mr. N. F. Seebeck hit upon a far better one—from his point of view.

Forming a company, of which he got himself elected chairman, he entered into contracts with quite a number of the impecunious Governments of South and Central America, binding himself to supply stamps to them free of charge, as many as they wanted,

for postal purposes only.

Each issue, he stipulated, should be good for one year only, and every succeeding issue was to be different in colour and design from that preceding it. His company was meanwhile to retain the dies, and to be at liberty to issue as many reprints as it chose for any *but* postal purposes.

St. Helena keeps its finances straight even now by the sale of surplus stamps, and does it openly. So, too, do the Canary Islands. Spain changed its design annually for years, and made hundreds of thousands of pounds thereby.

The Congo Free State is estimated to have made from 75,000 to 100,000 francs (£3,000—£4,000) annually for a long time in a similar manner. In one instance, at all events, an entire new issue was sold outright to a Belgian wholesale dealer, and the die destroyed.

A few years ago, too, what are known as "commemoration issues" began to be placed upon the market, affording an altogether new and lucrative method of "raising the wind."

Great Britain is generally blamed for having set this particular philatelic ball rolling with her Rowland Hill memorial stamps; and other countries were quick to

follow so tempting an example.

Canada issued a "jubilee set" forthwith, and cleared some £20,000 by the venture. Brazil did the same. Newfoundland brought out a "Cabot" issue, and as an additional inducement to purchasers announced that the plates would be destroyed after a certain limited number of stamps had been printed.

The Leeward Islands, anxious to cut down expenses, simply printed the word "Centenary" over its ordinary issue, and then offered the lot for sale by public tender. Trinidad—not to be confounded with the other island of the same name mentioned above—printed a series commemorative of its four hundredth discovery by Columbus.

Roumania commemorated in like fashion its Prince's "half jubilee" in 1891. Montenegro, anxious to philatelically commemorate something, hit upon the fourth centenary of the introduction of printing. Belgium and San Marino engraved a new series to "commemorate" respectively the holding of an exhibition and the building of a new palace.

Lastly, as if to reduce the whole thing to absurdity, came the Great Barrier Islands, with the announcement of a brand new "pigeon post" series—an innovation which drew from the long-suffering editor of a trade journal the remark that, while the Barrier Islanders were about it, each family had better invest in two or three pigeons, issue its own pigeon stamps, and fleece stamp flats on its own account.

THE OLD MAN (before retiring): "Now, remember my commands, daughter—lights out at ten o'clock."

(And from ten to twelve she and Cholly sat in the dark.)

"SEE here, Brown, you took that umbrella from my office, and I want it."

"I know I did; but this umbrella belongs to Smith."

"What if it does? I stole it first."

GLANDERS: "Mrs. Chinn doesn't talk nearly as much as she did."

Gargoyle: "No, her husband told her that excessive conversation would make wrinkles at the corners of her pretty mouth."

WILLIE: "Let's play we're married."

Little Bessie: "Have you ever played it with any other girl?"

Willie: "No."

Little Bessie: "Then you can't practise on me."

The New Magazine that's coming—THE RAPID REVIEW. No. 1 ready on February 12. Price 6d.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

SIMPLES AND HEALING HERBS.

Were Quacks ever Encouraged by Act of Parliament? (6554.)

Strange to say, quacks were encouraged by authority in the reign of Henry VIII. by a curious reversal of policy. By a statute of the third year of his reign the King had ordered that all who wished to practise as doctors should pass an examination—in London before the Dean of St. Paul's, and four "doctors of phisyk," in the country before the Bishop of the diocese or his vicar-general.

Later on we find a statute in which these certified doctors were violently attacked as "mynding conlie theyre owne lucres, and nothing the profite or ease of the patient," and as having "troubled and vexed divers honest persones as well men as woemen, whome God hath endued with the knowledge of the nature, kinde and operacion of certeyne herbes, rotes and waters . . . and yet the saide persones have not taken anything for theyre peynes and cooning."

All such dealers in simples were therefore allowed by statute to cure maladies apparent on the surface of the body, by means of plasters, poultices and ointments, in any part of the King's dominions, according to their cunning, experience and knowledge.

THE MUSICAL PITCH.

Who Settled the Musical Pitch? (6555.)

The French Government in 1859, acting on the advice of Halévy, Meyerbeer, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, and Rossini, established by law the "Diapason Normal." Other countries have gradually followed, and with few exceptions the low pitch derived from the Diapason Normal may be said to prevail throughout the musical world.

Great Britain has been the last to fall in, but the predominance of this low pitch has been assured since 1880, when it was introduced at Covent Garden Opera.

In 1896 the Philharmonic Society decided to adopt it, and in 1899 Broadwood and Sons made a successful effort to have it adopted by other firms.

A higher pitch, introduced by Sir Michael Costa in order to obtain greater brilliancy of tone, is still used by military and other brass bands, for the British Army is bound by His Majesty's rules and regulations to adhere to it. A fork tuned to this pitch in 1890 is preserved as the standard for the Military Training School at Kneller Hall.

HOMES OF HEALING.

When and Where was the First Hospital Established? (6557.)

The temple at Epidaurus was founded by Antoninus Pius at the end of the first century A.D., in honour of Æsculapius, Homer's blameless physician. Beyond the sacred inclosure was a building for the reception of the sick and dying, which Strabo describes as a place renowned for the cure of all diseases, always full of invalids, and containing votive tablets descriptive of cures.

About 380 A.D. a hospital was founded by Valens, and richly endowed by him at Cæsarea; and another at Rome by Fabiola, a wealthy Roman widow, for the reception of the sick poor.

Basil is said by Gregory, the Presbyter, to have built a large hospital for lepers with money collected for the purpose. The Hotel Dieu in Paris, founded in the seventh century, and two founded in 1080 by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, were both connected with monastic establishments. Bartholomew's, 1547, and St. Thomas', 1553, are the oldest hospitals in London, and were both originally religious foundations.

INCREASE AND MULTIPLY.

Which Creature Lays the Greatest Number of Eggs? (6558.)

There is infinite variety in the number of eggs laid by different animals, the general rule being that those highest in the scale of life are least prolific.

Among vertebrates, fish are the most prolific. Trout and salmon average 1,000 eggs to every pound of weight. Buckland reckoned the roe of a half-pound herring at 19,840, of an 8lb. turbot at 385,000, and of a 30lb. cod at five millions, whilst the sturgeon has more than a third of its weight ready for the toothsome caviare.

Molluscs vary in their powers of reproduction from thirty to fifty at a time in snails, to the thousands of the whelk; whilst the spat of some reaches two millions. It is amongst insects that stupendous numbers appear, reaching a climax in the termites, or white ants. The queens of these are egg-laying machines of the most astonishing fecundity. They become huge cylindrical packages, two thousand times their usual size, chained to one spot. The laying, at the rate of sixty eggs a minute, or 80,000 a day, reaches probably in two years the enormous total of fifty millions!

DANGER SPOTS IN A STORM.

What are the Places of Danger in Thunderstorms? (6559.)

Out of doors trees should be avoided in a thunderstorm; and if, from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash, it is evident that electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture is the safest. It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts, or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge, and a distance of twenty or thirty feet from tall trees or houses is an eligible situation; for, should a discharge take place, these elevated bodies are most likely to receive it.

It is well also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor, and the height of a human being near the stream may determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are tolerably safe in the middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a thick hearth-rug. The chimney should be avoided, on account of the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it; and gilt mouldings or bell-wires are sources of risk. In bed we are tolerably safe since blankets and feathers are bad conductors, and we are to a certain extent insulated.

It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in their basements.

OUR EARLIEST WOODEN WALLS.

When were English Coasts First Defended by a Fleet? (6561.)

Offa, King of Mercia in 793, a Sovereign strong enough by sea and land to win the friendship of Charlemagne, first grasped the true significance of England's insular position, for the maxim he coined and acted on was that he who would be secure on land must always be supreme at sea. His powers of defence were never seriously challenged.

No sooner, however, had the various kingdoms become one under Egbert in 827, than raiding Northmen, the scourge of those days, spread terror through the land.

It was Alfred the Great who first put our fleet on a scientific basis, so as to beat these Danes on their own element. Ships of war of a new and improved type—higher, swifter, steadier than the Danes', and nearly double their length—soon took the seas. Men were trained in seamanship and tactics, and a fleet of 120 ships, at the head of which was the King himself, for the first time in history commanded the English Channel. Tried in action off the coast of Devonshire in 897, they were not found wanting.

GUM-ELASTIC.

When was Indiarubber First Introduced? (6562.)

The first notice of indiarubber dates back 500 years, when Herrera, a Spanish historian, during the second voyage of Columbus, saw that "the natives of Hayti played with balls made of the gum of a tree, which were lighter, and bounced better, than the wind-balls of Castille."

In a record published in Madrid, 1615, we are told: "There is a tree which the Indians call Uleqauhuiti, very high, with roufid, ashy grey leaves. It yields a milky substance, thick and gummy, in great abundance, which is collected, and allowed to settle in calabashes, and afterwards softened in hot water, or smeared over the body, and rubbed off when sufficiently dry."

Even at that early date Spaniards used the juice of the Ulé tree to waterproof their cloaks.

The first accurate account of these gum-elastic or caoutchouc trees was furnished by Le Condamine, who was sent in 1735 by the French Government to measure an arc of the meridian near Quito.

It was introduced into Europe as a drug about 1730, and some fifty years later was used commercially as rubber for pencil marks, and to waterproof clothing.

SAVINGS BANKS.

When and Where did Savings Banks Begin? (6564.)

Primitive Savings Banks were founded at Hamburg in 1778, and at Berne in 1787, the idea having been suggested by Daniel Defoe in 1697. Francis Maseres proposed in 1771 to confer upon the ratepayers of any English parish powers to receive and invest savings, and to grant deferred annuities, but a Bill to this effect failed to pass through Parliament. The first practical attempts were on a small and tentative scale. A children's bank was started by Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, at Tottenham, in 1798.

The Rev. J. Smith, of Andover, with two friends, agreed in 1799 to receive small sums from his parishioners during the summer, to be returned with a one-third bounty at Christmas, a liberal offer which was eagerly embraced.

The title of "Father of Savings Banks" has been given, however, to the Rev. H. Duncan, of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, who established a savings bank in 1810 on so successful a basis that in four years it possessed an accumulated fund of £1,100.

Acts to encourage savings banks in England and Ireland were passed in 1817, and were extended to Scotland in 1818.

DRAGOON AND HUSSAR.

What were the Derivations of the Words Dragoon and Hussar? (6562.)

The word Dragoon was first used of a regiment of mounted infantry, so called from the dragons, or short muskets, with which they were armed. The head of a dragon, wrought on the muzzle of the muskets, seemed to spit fire, and at one time was depicted on their standard.

Hussar is a Hungarian word, meaning originally a free-booter, or free-lance. These men, strong, active, hardy, accustomed to capture and tame herds of wild horses, were brought into military service by Corvinus, the boy king, in 1442, and became the finest body of light cavalry in the world. The suggested derivation from the Magyar—*huszt*, twenty; and *ar*, pay (one horseman raised by twenty families)—is only a fanciful one.

The name spread into all armies, and Hussars of all nations are distinguished by uniforms of brilliant colours and elaborate ornament. Two characteristics are the dolman and the busby, with its scarlet cloth attachment, a survival of the narrow Magyar bag, which fell over the left shoulder as a protection against sword cuts.

A Thousand Curious Things Worth Knowing.

This is a carefully indexed selection of the most interesting and instructive information from the Replies which have appeared on this page. A valuable book of reference—containing 480 pages. At all railway bookstalls and booksellers for 1s., or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

QUESTIONS.

6561. Why are so many country inns called "The Red Lion"?
6562. What causes the voice to break?
6563. Where is an eldest son not allowed to marry an eldest daughter?
6564. Why do cold, anger, or fear cause trembling?
6565. What are dog watches?
6566. Why is a Jew's harp so called?
6567. Is taste for music a test of character?
6568. Which is the most exhausting athletic sport?
6569. What is brawn?
6570. When was grain first imported into Great Britain?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question replied to which is considered worthy of insertion.

"My boy tells me you discharged him," said the late office boy's mother. "You advertised for a strong boy, and I certainly thought he was strong enough."

"Madam," replied the merchant, "he was too strong. He broke all the rules of the office, and some of the furniture in the two days he was with us."

"Isn't it odd that pretty women always marry plain men?"

"They don't always."

"Tell me one instance, if you can, where a pretty woman has a handsome husband."

"Certainly. My wife is one of the prettiest women in the district."

"Rather a clever poem," said the editor, handing back the manuscript; "do you know who is the author of those lines?"

"Of course," replied the proud father; "didn't I tell you my son wrote 'em?"

"But are you sure he did?"

"Sure! Don't you suppose I know his handwriting?"

THE OCEAN Accident & Guarantee Corporation Limited. FOUNDED 1871.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.)

Funds (31st December, 1902) £1,379,391.

The Ocean Corporation issues the

"Leader" Policy

against Accident and Disease, and it will be found to fully justify its title. Send for Prospectus.

Over £3,500,000 paid in Claims.

Fidelity Guarantees. Burglary Insurance.
Workmen's Compensation. Mortgage Insurance.
Employers' and Public Liability Indemnities. Excess Bad Debt Insurance.
Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

Head Office: 36 TO 44 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
H. J. PARKS, General Manager and Secretary.

"A Day in the Life of a Premier," by "A Personage behind the Scenes." See the February ROYAL MAGAZINE.

A Fortune Awaits You if You Can Find Any of Them.

What Has Become of Whistler's Masterpiece?

And Where is the Emperor Maximilian's Mechanical Golden Eagle?

THE death of Mr. Whistler has recalled to recollection the fact that his missing masterpiece still remains among the mysteries.

It was an exquisitely beautiful portrait of an exquisitely beautiful child, and upon it the artist lavished his best work.

As the picture progressed, so did Whistler's enthusiasm increase. He was so wrapped up in his task that he could scarcely bear to tear himself away from it, even for meals.

Then, just as he was putting the finishing touches to it, came a summons to Paris. At first he declared he would not go; then that, at all events, his precious canvas must accompany him.

It was accordingly packed for shipment. And from that day to this all trace of it has been lost.

The picture had previously been bespoken by a certain art-loving millionaire; and, when its evanishment was reported, painter and would-be owner joined in a strenuous effort

to discover its whereabouts.

But in vain! No one had seen it. No one remembered even having noticed a package corresponding with Whistler's description of his lost property. And so the matter stands at the present moment. Yet it is difficult to believe that the canvas could have been destroyed, either wilfully or accidentally. And there is, therefore, the probability that someone at some time may discover its hiding-place.

One thing is certain. He will be a lucky person who does so. For the portrait is acknowledged to have been worth more than any other work Whistler ever executed—which is saying a good deal.

A fortune awaits the man who is lucky enough to discover the whereabouts of Sidney Cooper's lost masterpiece, "The Monarch of the Meadows," formerly the property of Mr. J. D. Allcroft.

This remarkable canvas was undoubtedly stolen. Mr. Allcroft's house was under repair. Early one morning the workmen observed smoke issuing from a room in which the picture had been stored for safety. Rushing in, they found that it had been cut from its frame, and that the apartment

had been fired in several places.

The picture, it may be mentioned, represents a young bull standing in a meadow, with a cow and a calf reposing at his feet.

Only in 1902, again, there vanished from the Paris Hotel de Ville Bertholon's famous landscape, "The Seine at St. Denis." It is worth £20,000, and is so well known that it would be impossible to offer it for sale anywhere without detection. Yet no hint of its whereabouts has yet leaked out.

Even more strange was the fate of "The Countess of Derby," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which disappeared from the family picture-gallery. Reward after reward was offered for its recovery by the then Earl of Derby. But it was never found, nor to this day has any light been shed on the mystery of its evanishment.

Another case in point was the loss by Mr. Baynham, of Woodville Lodge, Clayton, Sussex, of his family portraits. This was a carefully pre-arranged burglary, but none the less mysterious, for all that. Besides the family portraits, the thieves also carried away a full-length picture of the Earl of Rochester, a half-length of Queen Henrietta Maria, and another of Prince Rupert,

the whole valued at about £15,000.

In 1848, again, a number of valuable works of art vanished from the Royal Academy during the exhibition, and were never heard of afterwards. They were chiefly statuettes, marble medallions, and bronze busts. Whoever possesses them must keep his treasures closely to himself, for, although the affair happened so many years ago, they are well-known by repute to all dealers and collectors throughout the world.

The same remark, too, applies to France's magnificent collection of coins and medals stolen from the Royal Library at Paris on the night of November 16th, 1851.

Roughly, the value of these was estimated at about a million and a quarter of pounds sterling, but they would probably have fetched much more at public auction, for the bulk of the specimens were unique.

They had been gathered together by successive Kings of France during many centuries, and were kept at the Louvre until the assassination of their custodian—a man named Bruneau—by robbers, whose design it was to carry off the treasure. In this, however, they were unsuccessful, and the collection was transferred to the Royal Library "for greater security."

Some time after the committal of the robbery a number of the missing coins were discovered in the Seine, but the bulk of them are still missing.

Going back to times more remote, it is marvellous how many artistic treasures yet remain to be found. Where, for example, does that Gnidian Venus lie hidden, the matchless handiwork of Praxiteles, with which a certain susceptible youth was so stricken that he lost his very senses for love of the cold, beautiful marble? We have recovered scores of other Greek statues, many of more ancient date even; but this, the most famous, is still missing.

Is that copper globe in existence anywhere, sixteen feet in diameter, which was once shown at Gotthorp? Ten people, we are told, could get inside and survey the motions of the heavenly bodies projected in some manner within it.

And what has become of the embossed silver sphere, "so big and heavy that sixteen men could scarce carry it," which was sent by the Emperor Ferdinand as a present to the Sultan Solyman?

Where is the mechanical golden eagle, fashioned by Regiomontanus, of Nuremberg, which flew to meet and salute the Emperor Maximilian, and then returned to await his entry at the city gate; and the iron fly, made by the same clever artificer, which would flutter about the room and then settle on its master's shoulder?

Raphael, it is known, wrote a hundred sonnets, inscribing them on vellum with his own hand. Dying at thirty-three, the great artist left the precious volume, as his most cherished possession, to Guido Reni, his pupil and friend.

By him it was bequeathed to the city of Bologna, where it unaccountably vanished. That one small book, if it could be found to-day, would be

worth a king's ransom.

Recent explorers have recovered the seal of Uzziah, deep down in the foundations of Jerusalem. But that vastly more sacred relic, the seal of Solomon, about which the "Arabian Nights" and the "Talmud" tell such wonderful tales, still remains to be found.

And, lastly, where is the seven-branched candlestick of the Jewish Temple, which we know for certain was brought to Rome by Titus. One account says that it was cast over the Milvain Bridge into the turbid waters of the Tiber; and, if this were so, it may possibly be recovered when the draining and dredging operations, which are to be shortly undertaken for the recovery of the vast amount of treasure known to be buried in the river's bed, are inaugurated.

This may seem a fanciful supposition. Yet it is not so in reality. Things much less durable than a massive candelabra of solid gold, have come to light after a much longer interval of time.

For instance, six centuries before Christ, Amasis, King of Egypt, sent his portrait to the Greeks established at Cyrene. It was a full-faced likeness, painted upon a panel. More than two thousand four hundred years afterwards—in 1836, to be precise—this identical picture was found upon a mummy unrolled at Paris.

THE MILLER'S LOST KISS.

In black you look a charming "miss,"
A noble queen of Night;
But, yet, your lips I cannot kiss—
Because you're not in white.

You are a most alluring maid
In face and form and height,
And I would kiss you unafraid—
If you were dressed in white.

I'd grasp the opportunity,
And honeyed words recite
Whilst holding you upon my knee—
If you were dressed in white.

But in my present state, I feel
'Twould scarcely be polite
To take the kisses I would steal
If you were dressed in white.

And so your dusty miller now
Foregoes his parting right;
It would be different, I know,
If you were dressed in white.

WIFE: "What is meant, John, by the phrase, 'carrying coals to Newcastle'?"

Husband: "It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is unnecessary."

Wife: "I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration—a familiar one."

Husband: "Well, if I was to bring you home a book entitled 'How to Talk,' that would be carrying coals to Newcastle."

HAVE YOU A LOMBARD ROOM?

Words Whose Meanings Have Changed.

IN the time of Queen Elizabeth the word "carpet," although in general use, had no reference at all to the floor covering, but meant what we call nowadays a tablecloth. As a matter of fact, the floors were spread with rushes.

When people speak of pagans and heathens they usually refer to the people over-seas, who prefer their picture-books printed upon their handkerchiefs. But in bygone days a pagan simply meant a man who lived in a village, and a heathen was one who lived on a heath.

The explanation of this great change is, of course, that the townsmen, being more civilised, looked down upon the villagers. And as civilisation and religion were almost identical terms in those days, the feeling gained a religious significance.

According to Nuttall, a ship is "a large vessel adapted to navigation." The word really means something scooped out. Of course, in olden days all the ships were boats, so to speak, and when a man required a boat, all he had to do was to cut down a tree, disbranch it, and then scoop out the inside of the trunk.

We talk of a posy and mean a bunch of flowers, but the posy is really the verse which at one time generally accompanied a gift of flowers.

If you heard somebody refer to your children as "imps" you would probably be indignant. But a few hundred years ago this was quite a common term for children, much as we now say "youngster." And, going still further back, we find that the word "imp" meant a cutting from a plant.

The Lord High Steward of England would feel surprised if he were told that his work was to feed the pigs. But that is the original meaning of the word "steward," which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "sti-ward," or warden of the sty. Similarly with the Hereditary Earl Marshal. A marshal was at one time a horse-servant or groom.

The word "bunkum" as used nowadays means nonsense spoken to mislead the person to whom it is addressed, but the original meaning of the word was confined to political speeches made merely to please one's supporters and secure their votes. Bunkum was the name of a constituency in North Carolina, U.S.A., whose representative once boasted that he adopted this plan to insure his election.

Clerks are an average, fairly well-educated class of men, but they are not, as a rule, men of exceptional learning. Yet such was at one time a meaning of the word. And for many hundred years a clerk or clerc was a priest.

In these present days, a villain is a depraved person. At one time, however, the word simply meant a farm servant.

Navvies are employed nowadays in all kinds of rough construction work, especially in the making of new lines of railway. But the first navvies were known as navigators, long before railways were invented, and their occupation lay in cutting out the beds of navigable canals.

Most people have a spare room in which they keep a miscellaneous collection of old clothes, travelling trunks, newspapers, and so on. This is generally called the "lumber room." Now, at one time this word meant a room in which pawnbrokers' pledges were stored, and it was not applied to private houses.

The Lombards, coming from the south of the Alps, spread all over Europe, and almost invariably adopted the business of money-lender or pawnbroker. They generally stored their unredeemed pledges in some unfurnished room or attic, and this became known as the Lombard's room, afterwards corrupted into the present word.

The earls of bygone days were men who earned the title by their heroic exploits in war. The word literally means a hero. The first marquises were the men who were responsible for the defence of the frontiers of their country. The words lord and lady at one time meant the one who kept the loaves and the one who gave them away respectively. Such a ridiculous arrangement, however, was bound to lead to tiffs between the husbands and wives of those days, and probably that was the reason why the loaf-giving was dropped and the titles have become honorary.

A curious change is to be found in the word journalist. At one time a journalist was one who kept a journal, but nowadays it is the journal that keeps the journalist.

HANDWRITING DENOTES CHARACTER.

IF you care to learn some of the characteristics peculiar to yourself, you should send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to RANEE, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. In return you will receive an accurate delineation of your character.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT BY YOU.

THE PRESENT TROUBLE.

Points About People and Places You Hear of in the Russo-Japanese Affair.

Alexieff, Admiral.—The Russian Viceroy in the Far East.

Anglo-Japanese Agreement.—This was signed on January 30th, 1902, the "High Contracting Parties" being, of course, the Governments of Great Britain and Japan. The document consists of a preamble and six articles. The first-named sets forth the joint desire of the two Powers concerned to maintain unimpaired "the independence and territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the Empire of Korea." The articles are concerned with the alliance, offensive and defensive, between Britain and Japan, the effect of which is that any other nation presuming to aid Russia against our ally will automatically at the same time declare war against Great Britain also.

Arisaka.—The distinctive name given by the Japanese to the type of field gun with which their artillery is principally armed.

Artamanoff, Major-General.—In command of a brigade of Russian troops at Vladivosteck.

"Asahi."—The biggest of Japan's six first-class battleships. She is of 15,443 tons displacement. The other five are *Mikasa* (15,362), *Hatsuse* (15,240), *Shikishima* (15,088), *Fuji* (12,649), and *Yashima* (12,517). These were all built in British yards.

Chemulpo.—The port of Seoul (capital of Korea), from which it is distant about twenty-six miles. A railway connects the two places. (*See* Seoul.)

Cossacks.—Light Russian cavalry, used almost entirely in skirmishing, outpost, and escort duty. They are the counterpart of the German Uhlans, but we have nothing answering to them in our own Army.

De Rosen, Baron.—The Russian Minister at Tokio.

Etajima.—The Japanese Naval Academy. It is situated on the shores of the Inland Sea, and is the principal educational establishment for training the officers of the fleet.

Fighting Men.—The Japanese Army numbers 450,000; of these between eight and nine thousand are officers.

Fusan.—A seaport in the south-eastern part of Korea, and immediately opposite Japan, from which it is distant about one hundred miles. Seoul, the capital of Korea, and Fusan, are being connected by a railway, built by Japanese engineers, and paid for with Japanese money. The two places are already connected by an overland telegraph line, constructed by the Japanese.

Hakaishi.—At this place, as well as at Meguro, Imahana and Uji, are Japan's powder factories.

Ito Hirobumi, Marquis.—Japan's leading statesman. He has been concerned with the government of that country, on and off, since 1873.

Jeto-Hei.—Literally "upper soldier." The highest of the three grades into which the private soldiers of the Japanese Army are divided. The other two are first-class soldiers (*itto-sotsu*), and second-class soldiers (*nito-sotsu*). A private on joining is a second-class soldier. For proficiency and good conduct he is raised to the rank of first-class soldier, and ultimately to that of upper soldier. His pay, his duties, and the number of stripes on his arm vary with his grade.

Katsura, General Count Taro.—The Japanese Prime Minister.

Kiao Chau.—The German naval base in the Far East, corresponding with our Wei-hai-wei and the Russian Port Arthur. It is situated on the mainland of China, opposite Korea, and about 150 miles to the southward of Wei-hai-wei.

Komura, Baron.—The Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Kondratenko, Major-General.—In command of a brigade of Russian troops at Port Arthur.

Kotei.—This is the official title of Japan's ruler, and means Emperor.

Korea.—A country embracing the peninsula lying between the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan, having an area of about 82,000 square miles, and an estimated population of about ten millions.

Kure.—The chief of Japan's first-class naval stations. It is situated on the Inland Sea, possesses a splendid arsenal, and is strongly fortified.

Kurino.—This is the name of the Japanese Minister to the Russian Court.

Kuropatkin, General, is the Russian Minister of War. He was appointed in December, 1897.

Lake Baikal.—A fresh water lake, over 400 miles long, which the Great Siberian Railway to Port Arthur crosses by means of a steamer, which carries the trains.

Manchuria.—A Chinese province or dependency, lying to the north of Korea, which it adjoins. Its seizure by Russia has all along been strongly resented by Japan. The area of Manchuria is about 400,000 square miles, and its estimated population is seven millions.

Michael, Grand Duke, is the heir presumptive to the Russian throne. He holds several commissions in the regular army, including that of Colonel in the famous Preobrajensky regiment. The Grand Duke is a born warrior, and will almost certainly be in the thick of any fighting there may be.

Murata.—This is the name of the rifle with which the Japanese infantry is armed. In appearance and effectiveness it approximates closely to the Mauser.

Mutsu Hito is the name of the present Mikado (or Emperor) of Japan. He was born November 3rd, 1852, ascended the throne in 1867, and is the one hundred and twenty-third of the Mikados. His dynasty, it is claimed, has occupied the throne since B.C. 660.

Nagasaki.—The nearest big Japanese seaport to Korea, and one of the most important commercial centres in the kingdom.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha.—The most important shipping company in Japan.

Opolchenie.—The Russian reserve forces are so called. They can only be mobilised in case of war, or grave national danger, and by Imperial manifesto. They number, counting all classes, about 3,400,000 men.

Osaka.—One of the two arsenals possessed by Japan. The other is at Tokio.

Port Arthur.—The principal Russian naval base in the Far East. It is situated at the extremity of a peninsula which juts out into the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and is very strongly fortified.

Rouble.—The legal Russian unit of value is the silver rouble, worth about 2s. 1d.; but in official calculations 2·46 roubles are taken as equal to the pound sterling.

Samurai.—This term is frequently used as a synonym for a Japanese Army officer, although the "samurai" as a distinctive military caste were abolished at the revolution of 1871.

Satsuma and Choshu.—The two great clans of Japan. Satsuma men are at the head of the Navy; those belonging to Choshu at the head of the Army.

Seoul.—The capital of Korea; population 200,000. Its port is Chemulpo, with which it is connected by a short railway. This latter was taken over by Japan in 1899, and is now worked and controlled by Japanese officials.

Shimonoseki.—A city and port in Japan immediately opposite Fusan in Korea. Here Japan has long been massing large numbers of troops, in readiness to be thrown across the straits into Korea at the outbreak of hostilities.

Shoi.—Literally "second lieutenant," the lowest commissioned rank in the Japanese Army. The other ranks, with their English equivalents, are as follows: *chusi* (first lieutenant), *tai* (captain), *shosa* (major), *chusa* (lieut.-colonel), *taisa* (colonel), *shosho* (major-general), *chujo* (lieutenant-general), *taisho* (general), *gensui* (field-marshal). With the exception of the latter, precisely the same terms are applied to the ranks of officers in the Navy.

Terauchi, General Masatake.—The Japanese Minister for War. General Masatake Terauchi is an exceedingly capable man, and a close personal friend of the Crown Prince Yoshihito.

Tokio.—The capital of Japan; population about 1,500,000. The name of the city is also spelt Tokyo, and it was formerly known as Yedo. It stands on the banks of the river Sumida, which, although wide, is unnavigable by vessels of large tonnage. Yokohama is the port, distance from the capital eighteen miles. A railway connects the two places.

Tokumu-Gocho.—Means literally "special sergeant-major," and is the highest non-commissioned rank in the Japanese Army. Next below him comes a *gocho*, equivalent to our sergeant-major; and *gunso* and *gocho*, equivalent to our sergeant and corporal respectively.

Toyama Gakko.—Literally Military Training School. Here are educated all Japanese officers, the course of training being exceedingly elaborate and thorough.

Tsushima.—An island belonging to Japan, situated almost in the middle of the narrow channel which separates that country from Korea. It is of immense strategical importance, and is almost sure to be the centre of desperate fighting sooner or later.

Tyrtoff, Admiral, is the Russian Minister of the Navy. He was appointed in July, 1896.

Verst.—The Russian "mile," equivalent to about two-thirds of our statute mile.

Vladivostok.—The chief Russian seaport in the Pacific Ocean. It is situated at the southern extremity of the Maritime Province, comparatively near the point where that government meets both Manchuria and Korea.

Wei-hai-wei.—The British equivalent to the Russian Port Arthur, from which it is distant about 150 miles, the two places being almost exactly opposite one another.

Yamagata, Field-Marshal.—Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Army. He has been Prime Minister several times.

Yamamoto, Admiral Baron Gombei, the Japanese Minister of Marine. He is in supreme command and control of the Japanese fleet, and of the naval operations in connection therewith.

Yen.—This is the Japanese unit of value, and is equal to 0·75 grammes of pure gold. It is not, however, coined, the smallest gold piece in actual use being the five yen piece. The sen is the hundredth part of a yen, and the rin is the tenth part of the sen.

Yokohama.—The port of Tokio, from which it is distant about eighteen miles. A railway connects the two places. Its population is about 150,000, and it constitutes either a place of call or the terminus of several big lines of European and American passenger steamers.

Yokosuka.—An important Japanese naval station; one of the four first-class ones upon which the security of the Empire depends. The other three are Kure, Sasebo, and Maizuru.

Yoshihito.—The Crown Prince of Japan. Born 1879. Married in 1900 to the Princess Sadako. A son and heir, Prince Hirohito, was born to the Prince Imperial in April, 1901.

Zapas.—A special class of the "Opolchenie," or Russian reserve forces, serving usually either in the Asiatic dominions of the Tsar or in Caucasia.

BANQUETS ON THE STAGE.

Interesting Incidents in Connection with Them.

Nowadays, when meals take place on the stage, real eatables and drinkables are employed. Such, however, was not always the case.

In the olden times, no matter how grand the banquet, the viands were made by the property master, and chiefly consisted of well-decorated canvas ducks and joints, while the goblets and drinking vessels were made of moulded paper pulp.

There is a story told of a veteran actor, who expressed his disgust at "the sham wine parties" of Macbeth and other mighty people. He hated wooden apples, and lamented that there were so few pieces in which real food was necessary.

In the obsolete Scottish drama, *Cramond Brig*, a real sheep's head was, with "trotters," always introduced, and this actor used to relate, with gusto, how the dainties were exhibited in the greenroom, some days before the performance, bearing a label setting forth that "This sheep's head will appear in the play of *Cramond Brig* on Saturday night next. God Save the King." It afforded the whole impecunious company two meals.

In *The Gentle Shepherd*, by Allan Ramsay, a real haggis—a marvellous dish—was supplied; and in *No Song, No Supper*, a steaming hot boiled leg of lamb and turnips were leading incidents in the entertainment.

In favour of dummy joints and other viands, it may be stated that some performers, through nervousness or some other cause, cannot eat anything on the stage, and have to make believe as well as they can. Generally, however, actors are able to consume what the management furnish.

Sometimes the "furnishment" is too liberal, as in a play called *The Wary Widow*. The author "had contrived so much drinking of punch in the play that the actors almost all became intoxicated, and were unable to get through with it, so that the audience were dismissed at the end of the third act."

One representative of Cassio in *Othello* was in the habit of carrying a bottle of claret from his own cellar to the theatre, so that his simulation of intoxication should be simulation indeed. Many players have been known to take their own dainties, because the food brought into the scene was not up to their delicate mark.

At His Majesty's, the Haymarket, Drury Lane, and George Edwardes' Theatres the genuine article, whether beer or beef, is always supplied, and the remnants are given either to the poorer "supers" or to the little children, especially at pantomime time at "The Lane" and elsewhere.

Not many years ago an eccentric old lady left a sum of money to provide real eatables and drinkables for actors and actresses on the stage.

At the Strand Theatre, in a farce called *Short and Sweet*, a goodly sirloin of beef was conspicuous by its presence, and the two chief actors made a hearty supper there, as the piece did not begin until 10.30.

It is a matter of history that Lady Bancroft, then Mrs. Bancroft, made a proper rolly-poly pudding in the last act of *Ours* whenever the piece was acted, which became the perquisite of some favoured mortal "behind the scenes."

In *Ecarté*, at the Globe in the seventies, there was a pic-nic scene, and everything of the best was supplied, with the result that the players, who introduced their own jokes and gags, consumed everything while the audience were patiently waiting for the comedy to go forward.

The veteran comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole, tells a good story of the days, or rather nights, when he was playing Bob Cratchit in *The Christmas Carol* at the Adelphi.

"Every night at eight for forty nights," says Mr. Toole, "I had to carve a real goose and a real plum-pudding, which were served smoking hot for Mrs. Cratchit and the seven little Cratchits, including Tiny Tim. The children had enormous portions given them, and they all ate heartily, but Tiny Tim's appetite appalled me."

Then Mr. Toole proceeds to say that, although Tiny Tim always had double allowance, she invariably appeared miserably thin. On one occasion she had nearly half the bird, besides potatoes and apple sauce. It puzzled the famous actor how she could even carry it away to the fireplace, where she sat on a low stool in accordance with the story of the drama, much less eat it. But Tiny Tim carried it off and "gobbled" it all up, and presented her plate for plum pudding.

Mr. Toole and Mrs. Alfred Mellon, who was the Mrs. Cratchitt, decided to watch the child.

"We watched as well as we could, and the moment Tiny Tim was seated and began to eat, we observed a curious shuffling movement at the stage fireplace, and everything that I had given her—goose, and potatoes, and apple sauce—disappeared behind the sham stove, the child pretending to eat as heartily as ever from the empty plate."

After the performance the little one was interrogated, and being assured that she would not get into trouble if she told the truth—for she was afraid of being dismissed—she confessed that her sister waited on the other side of the fireplace for the supplies, and that the whole family enjoyed a splendid supper every night.

The fattest boy on earth is Johnny Trundley—see the February ROYAL MAGAZINE.

DR. WYNNE'S REVENGE.

WILLIAM WESTALL'S LAST ROMANCE.

NOTES FOR NEW READERS.

PASSINGFORD RECTORY is a delightful, rambling old house, set in an equally delightful garden. Unfortunately, the Rector, Mr. Daryl, who is also its owner, is not too well off, and in consequence he cannot keep up the place so well as he would like.

Besides the Rector and Mrs. Daryl, there is a daughter, Eileen, living at home. She is the apple of her father's eye. One son is in the Army, another at Oxford, while the eldest, Guy, is a more or less briefless barrister, with Parliamentary ambitions, who spends a considerable part of his time at home.

The day this story opens Guy meets with a serious accident in the hunting-field. Mr. Meredith Tilter, the rich squire of Warcock Hall, who is very fond of Eileen, rides on to break the news of the accident. By the time the necessary preparations have been made, the patient himself arrives under the care of Dr. Wynne, a young practitioner, recently come to the neighbouring village of Ryefield.

After some days' attention, Wynne manages to set Guy well on the road to recovery. During the period of anxiety he has spent a good deal of time at the rectory, during which he discovers that Mrs. Daryl will do anything for Guy, while between Eileen and her mother there is a certain amount of friction.

When next Wynne goes hunting, he meets in the field Tilter, who confides to him his love for Eileen. Only then does Wynne realise that to himself Eileen is becoming dear, though he does not feel that he can offer her a suitable home at present. Tilter proposes and is refused.

Shortly after this two ladies, Mrs. Raven and her daughter, Benita, come to Passingford Rectory as paying guests. They are recommended by a friend of Dr. Wynne, and appear to have plenty of money. Benita becomes very good friends with Wynne, and Eileen is accordingly neglected.

Mrs. Sharples, the doctor's housekeeper, who is quite a character in her way, warns him against falling in love with the girl, advising him to try his luck with Eileen.

Dr. Wynne, however, proposes to Benita and is accepted, much to the chagrin of Guy, who asks for her hand a few days later. Eileen promises to marry Mr. Tilter when she sees that Dr. Wynne apparently does not care for her.

To oblige Guy Daryl, Wynne, though he cannot afford it, backs a bill for £300 for him, but, when the time for its payment becomes due, Guy disclaims all knowledge of the transaction. As Wynne cannot meet it, he is arrested by Pollards, the bankers. His assistant, Dr. Jardine, procures good legal advice for him, but Wynne is sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

While awaiting his trial, Wynne writes to Benita, explaining all the circumstances, but this letter is intercepted by Guy Daryl.

Eileen feels great pity for Dr. Wynne in his imprisonment, and, as she remembers his last words to the judge: "I am innocent of the offence imputed to me, your lordship, and nobody knows it better than Guy Daryl," she suddenly recollects that one afternoon, in the rectory, she saw bank-notes passing between Wynne and her brother. She sees now that Guy has perjured himself so as to gain the affections of Benita, and with her money further his ambitions.

CHAPTER TWELVE.
Brother and Sister.

EILEEN'S soul was wrung with anguish and indignation, which her impotence either to redress the wrong or help the victim rendered almost intolerable.

Her heart was overflowing with pity for Wynne, whom she pictured as languishing in a lonely cell, forced to consort with the lowest criminals and ill-used by brutal gaolers. And nobody but herself and Jardine held him guiltless! Even the Ravens had turned against him, and Benita made no secret of her regret that she had ever known him.

Nevertheless, Eileen must hold her peace, for she could not defend Wynne without accusing Guy and exposing herself to an unbearable retort. Nor was this the poor girl's only trouble.

When she became engaged to Tilter, she hoped that, though she could not give him her heart, she might in time to come love him enough to marry him without doing violence to her conscience, as, had matters followed their expected course, she probably would have done. But the new pity had rekindled the old flame, and now, not in spite of, but because of, his misfortunes, Wynne was more to her than ever.

Nevertheless, her esteem for Meredith Tilter was so great that, had it not been for another and, as she deemed it, more imperative consideration, she would have kept her word to him and again tried to conquer her love for Wynne. But it seemed to her that she had no choice, and one day told her father that she must break off her engagement.

Mr. Daryl was much surprised and ill-pleased, and urged her, with many arguments, to think better of it. But Eileen held to her resolve, and the rector ended by admitting that, unless she had a true affection for Tilter, such as a woman ought to have for her future husband, it were a sin for her to marry him.

Mrs. Daryl was less complaisant, and used strong language; but Eileen was firm, yielding only so far as to promise not to inform Tilter of her decision before the following Monday.

On this, Mrs. Daryl telegraphed to Guy that he was wanted at home, and followed the message up with a letter, in which she told him the reason.

The next day he came, unwillingly, for Mrs. and Miss Raven were in town, and he had intended to call on them and offer to take them to the theatre.

After a talk with his mother, he joined his sister in the library. She was standing before one of the shelves, seeking a book.

Guy bade her sit down, adding that he had "something to say."

"Is what mother tells me really true, that you are talking about breaking off your engagement with Tilter?" he began in a tone of grieved remonstrance.

"I am not merely talking of it; I have made up my mind to it," Eileen answered.

"Nonsense! You won't do anything so absurd—more than that, wrong!"

"Wrong?"

"It is surely wrong to break a promise, and I believe you promised to marry Tilter."

"It is better to break a promise than commit a still greater wrong by marrying a man whom I cannot love as he deserves to be loved. I respect Meredith too much to treat him so ill."

"But consider——"

"I have considered everything."

Guy stared. His sister's peremptoriness surprised him.

"She is getting cheeky," he thought, then went on: "It seems to me that you consider nobody but yourself. Think of father, who is more put about than you suppose; of mother, who is quite upset; of poor Tilter, who will be heart-broken—all because of a girl's whim. I suppose you don't care for my feelings; but, if you do throw Tilter over, I shall feel the disgrace most acutely."

"What do you mean by disgrace?"

"That breaking your plighted word will be disgraceful or, if you like the word better, dishonourable."

Eileen fired up. Her patience was exhausted.

"You, you, dare to use such words to me, when it is your own infamy that compels me to break with poor Meredith!" she exclaimed passionately. Then, collecting herself, she added quickly: "You may not know that I saw Dr. Wynne pay you the proceeds of the bill in the study and heard——"

"It's false—false as hell!" cried Guy. He had a face that did not readily change colour, but the terror in his eyes and the twitching of his lips showed that the shot had gone home. "You have been eavesdropping, Eileen," he added rather inconsistently.

"No, I have not. I did not know there was anybody in the study, and when, on opening the door, I saw that you and Dr. Wynne were intent on some business, I quietly withdrew, though not before I heard him say: 'Begin at the top, here are the twenties,' and saw him give you the notes. Not till I read the report of the trial in the KELMSFORD CHRONICLE and heard from father what Dr. Wynne said afterwards did I understand the terrible significance of the scene in the study. It is you who have made it impossible for me to marry Meredith or continue the engagement without telling him the whole of the shameful story.

"It would be shameful to keep him in the dark. Rather would I die. I could, of course, pledge him to secrecy, and he would keep his word. But not more; he is a man of the nicest honour, and quite incapable of playing the hypocrite. His horror when he learnt the truth would be so great that he would refuse to have aught to do with you, to see you or speak to you. The parents and others would ask questions and draw inferences, for, though Meredith would not betray you, he would not lie for you. Suspicions would be aroused, and the fatal, terrible truth would come out.

"Just think what a terrible calamity this would be. Mother would go demented—you know how proud she is—dear father's grey hairs he brought with sorrow to the grave, our old and honourable family disgraced. Oh, Guy, how could you be so cruel and wicked? Once I loved you, but now, now if it were not wrong, I could hate you."

For once in his life, Guy Daryl bowed his head in shame. Eileen's denunciation was overwhelming and unanswerable, and he had naught to urge in arrest of judgment. But the weakness was only momentary. He was too hardened to repent, and had gone too far to retreat.

"If those are your sentiments, you are quite right in breaking with Tilter," he said after a silence. "Don't worry about father and mother. I will tell them you have quite made up your mind, and that it will be best to let you take your own way."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.
A Night Journey.

IN a cell some ten feet square and eight feet high sat Dr. Wynne, his elbows resting on his knees, his closely-cropped head between his hands. He wore a knickerbocker suit of coarse drab with black spots, the stockings were ringed with alternate bars of black and red. This hideous costume was rendered still more repulsive by the broad arrows stamped all over it, which marked him as the inmate of a Government gaol and a chattel of the State.

His sleeve bore a badge with a number—3,303—and underneath it the figure 5, denoting the time he had to serve. It was the second day of his life as a convicted felon. For seat, Wynne had a bucket; for table, a wooden platform, which served also as a bedstead. Light came from two grated windows, one of which looked on a blank wall, the other into a courtyard; but through neither could he see the sky, and only on exceptionally bright days did a few rays of sunshine reach this abode of gloom to tantalise rather than to cheer.

"Oh, Guy Daryl, Guy Daryl! If I only had you here—all to myself!" Wynne muttered savagely, clutching the air with his hand as though he were gripping his enemy by the throat. "But no, I won't kill him. It would be sweet while it lasted, but it wouldn't last long enough. For this pain and humiliation and that which is to come, he shall pay double in the same coin. So help me Heaven! But I rave. Heaven is a fraud; there is neither mercy above nor justice below. Perjury is the best policy; if you would be believed, you must lie."

The outer iron door opened with a clang, the inner wooden one turned on its hinges, and in walked a chief warder, followed by two subordinates. A big, broad-shouldered man with a high-coloured yet not ill-natured face, a military bearing, and the somewhat pompous manner that beseemed his position.

"Got all your kit, 3,303? I think you have," he began, looking round. "Take care you keep everything clean, or you'll get into trouble. What is your religion?", opening a note-book.

"I have none," answered Wynne curtly.

"Nonsense! You must have a religion. How shall I classify you—as a Protestant or a Catholic?"

"As neither. However, call me what you will, but just now I am an atheist."

"That is the same as no religion. I shall set you down as Church of England, and you'll have to go to prayers and attend service in the chapel. And let me advise you to keep a civil tongue and be respectful to your betters—myself, for instance, and all other officers, high and low. You're down on your luck, naturally. But what cannot be cured must be endured, and you'll have to make the best of it. Cut up rough and give trouble and you'll have an uncommonly bad time, besides getting the full measure of your sentence; but if you behave well, obey orders and regulations, do the tasks assigned to you—we'll find you some work presently—you may obtain as many marks as will bring your term down to something under four years."

The chief warder shut up his note-book and marched off with his men, and the iron door went to with a report that reverberated like a pistol shot. His advice, though roughly spoken, was kindly meant, and, as Wynne saw, when he cooled down, sensible and sound. Cruelly as he had been used, rebel in spirit though he might, kicking against the pricks would profit him nothing, and a year's remission of his sentence was well worth striving for, if only that he might the sooner establish his innocence and take vengeance on Guy Daryl. How this could be accomplished was not, as yet, obvious; but everything comes to him who knows how to wait, and the hope would help to keep up his courage during the long years that lay between him and freedom.

The doors opened again, and a dapper little red-haired man, with a Bible under one arm and a slate under the other, trotted into the cell, followed, of course, by the inevitable warder.

"I am the schoolmaster; come to examine you," announced the little man. "Can you read?"

Wynne was going to bid him go to the devil, but, remembering betimes the chief warder's advice, answered quietly that he could.

"Good! Would you mind letting me hear you read the beginning of the first chapter of Genesis?"

Wynne obeyed.

"Very well read, quite satisfactory!" interrupted the schoolmaster presently. "Now, I want you to write on this slate to my dictation a few verses from the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah."

Wynne did as he was told. When he had filled one side of the slate, the schoolmaster took it from him.

"Quite O.K., nicely written and properly spelt. You can cipher, of course? Turn the slate round, and I will give you a little sum to do. What is the half of a third of 3,303, your own number?"

"550½," replied Wynne, without using the slate.

"My word, you are not only perfect in the three R's, but you are a complete mental ready-reckoner. I can do nothing for you. You know as much as myself. I shall report you as being of superior education. Such a pleasure to meet with an intelligent prisoner! Sorry to have troubled you, but rules are rules. Good-day to you, 3,303!"

And away went the little schoolmaster, with his Bible under his arm. Notwithstanding his misery, Wynne was amused. The authorities might have taken for granted that an M.D. could read and write, but "rules are rules," and, if a bishop were to become a "lag," he would probably have to undergo a similar interrogation.

Noon brought dinner—three ounces of roast meat and some potatoes, which Wynne, not being in the best of appetites, found more than enough. An hour later another call. This time the visitors were a warder and a prisoner who carried a bundle.

"I have brought some work for you, 3,303," quoth the warder, undoing the bundle. "You have got to make a jacket. Here is the stuff, and needles and thread and a thimble."

"But I cannot make a jacket. You might as well tell me to make shoes or play the fiddle."

"Anyhow, you'll have to learn, and, being a gentleman

The New Magazine that's coming—THE RAPID REVIEW. No. 1 ready on February 13. Price 6d.

lag of superior education, you should learn quickly. Take this needle, and try your hand at stitching."

Wynne, who had acquired the art with special reference to wounds and bandages, tried his hand accordingly, and gave satisfaction.

"Excellent! With practice, you'll make a first-class snip," exclaimed the warder, who was also the master tailor of the ward. "Here are the parts, properly cut out. All you have to do is to stitch 'em together in the right order. I'll look in again to-morrow and see how you are getting on."

Tailoring, for a physician, is not an ideal occupation, but, as the alternative was semi-starvation in a dark cell, and labour of any sort is better than sitting with idle hands, eating your heart out with bitter thought, Wynne set to work and stitched till nightfall, and, after the gas was lighted, went on till bed-time.

When the master tailor "locked in" on the following day, he gave the new pupil high praise for his diligence and capacity, and Wynne, to his own surprise, was not displeased.

Soon afterwards came the chaplain with some books.

"As you belong to our Church, I have brought you a Bible and a prayer book," he said. "Also a volume of Good Words. You can get other books any school-day, when a selection is brought into the ward from the prison library. Can I do anything for you?"

Wynne glanced at the iron door, then at the grated windows. "I mean anything within my power," explained the chaplain. "Imprisonment is a severe ordeal, but let us hope that in your case it will prove a useful discipline; and you may always find consolation in the thought that God is full of mercy and loving kindness, and that our Lord, though innocent, endured sufferings compared with which yours are as nothing."

"I am innocent."

"Possibly, but, as you have been condemned——"

"Christ was condemned——"

"Don't be irreverent, 3,303. There can be no comparison between our divine Master and a mere——"

"Convict," put in Wynne. "Don't hesitate; the fact is undeniable. You were going to say 'man'? Very well, man let it be. It comes almost to the same thing. To warders, I must speak with bated breath and whispered humbleness. But from you I have nothing to fear, and I may relieve my feelings by speaking my mind."

"Do so, by all means, you will find me a sympathetic listener."

"You have been good enough to bring me a Bible and a Prayer Book. Only a short time ago I believed in them, now I do not. They say things that are not true. If there were a just God and merciful, I should not be here, for, though you may not believe it, I am as blameless of the offence for which I am undergoing this punishment as you are. There are moments when I almost wish I were guilty; the consciousness that it was deserved would make it easier to bear."

"What you say may be true. It cannot be denied that judicial mistakes occasionally occur. Judges and jurors are not infallible."

"Where does your beneficent God come in, then? Why has He let a false friend wreck my life and a stupid jury find me guilty of a crime I did not commit?"

"You are making hasty inductions. Even though you were unjustly convicted, how do you know that the chastisement is not meant for your good, and that God in His mercy will not enable you in time to retrieve your position?"

"Nothing short of a miracle could do that, Mr. Chaplain, and, even a miracle could not undo the past, restore my ruined reputation, or give me back my worse than wasted years. Besides, how can a just and beneficent God do evil that good may come?"

"We must not judge Him by the same standard as we judge ourselves. There are mysteries into which it is presumptuous to pry too closely, and dispensations in whose presence we can only bow in devout submission. Let me advise you to cultivate this spirit and put away unchristian and rebellious thoughts. By doing this, you will be all the happier."

"Why talk of happiness to a man like me?" exclaimed Wynne bitterly. "I shall not be happy till——"

"You are released?" suggested the chaplain.

"Till I have avenged myself on my enemy, thwarted him in his ambition, exposed his infamy, and made him even more wretched than he has made me. That were happiness indeed, and some day it may be mine."

The chaplain, a good man, but new to his work, was appalled, as well by Wynne's words of hatred as by the intensity with which they were uttered, and, after saying something about the duty of forgiving our enemies, quitted the cell.

"He is a decent fellow and means well, and I have both forfeited his good opinion and frightened him," thought Wynne. "But it was provoking to have my word doubted, and, when he promised me happiness as a reward for cultivating a spirit of devout submission, I could not help letting myself go."

SPECIAL ARTICLES ARE APPEARING IN
THE
Daily Express
BY
Messrs. C. B. FRY and LEN BRAUND
ON THE
M.C.C. TEAM IN AUSTRALIA.
And they should be read by all who take an interest in Cricket.
The DAILY EXPRESS can be obtained at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls throughout the Country.

Time does not stand still, even in a gaol, and, as the weeks went by, Wynne's misery grew less acute, or perhaps it was that use and wont made it easier to bear. The daily routine became, in a sort, automatic, and was performed with less disgust than might be supposed. He rose when the bell rang, rolled up his bedding, scrubbed the floor of his cell and fetched water, went out with the other prisoners for exercise, which meant walking or running for an hour round a yard. This was now and then varied by a turn at the force pumps, or sweeping the exercising ground. The rest of the day was spent in making jackets, and so much of the dinner hour as remained after eating might be given to books, but, save on Sundays, no more.

Yet though Wynne became more resigned, there were inflictions which custom could not make tolerable. One was the feeling of being always in a tomb. The bare, white-washed walls of his cell, its grey light, the grated windows, which he could only see through by standing on his bucket, the oppressive silence and the pervading gloom, weighed on his spirits like lead, and, but for his work and his books, he must have gone mad. Yet, albeit solitary and companionless, he had a sense of never being alone. There was a hole in the wall through which, unseen by the inmate, warders might look, and often did look. Wynne could never be sure that he was not being watched, or lay down his work for a few minutes' reading or a few minutes' rest without the risk of being reported and punished for idleness.

It was a senseless system; Wynne could not imagine anybody being the better for it. The man of one crime might be prevented from committing a second by the punishment he had received for the first. But it was more probable that he would be so brutalised and embittered as to avenge himself on society by joining the great army of depredators; and professional thieves regarded a term of imprisonment as the fortune of war, and were so used to it that it made no impression on them.

Then there was no discrimination in the treatment. Men who, except for one lapse, committed ignorantly or under great temptation, had been honest all their lives, received no more consideration than malefactors of many sentences. There were also petty tyrannies that were hard to bear, and regulations that served no useful purpose. Though Wynne had been an old offender, depriving him of his tooth-brush and forbidding him to communicate with his friends oftener than twice a year would hardly have brought him to repentance.

A fortnight after his trial and conviction, he had received a letter from Jardine, but for six months thereafter he was allowed neither to receive letters nor to answer them. All were read by the governor and the chaplain, and prisoners, as also their correspondents, had to limit themselves strictly to personal and domestic topics, no reference to public affairs or matters of general interest being allowed.

Jardine's letter informed Wynne that he had settled with Clough, and arranged with Pollards, and obtained possession of the bill, which he had deposited for safe custody in a bank, also that he was hopeful of being able to keep the practice together.

Six months later, which was about seven after his arrest, Wynne received two letters, both of which had been opened. If there were others, they contained forbidden matter, and had been returned to the writers or destroyed. One of the letters came from Jardine, the other was addressed in a hand which Wynne did not recognise, though he fancied he had seen it before. This missive was unsigned, and ran thus:

"*One who is quite convinced that Dr. Wynne has been hardly used writes to assure him of her sympathy. She never hears the supplication in the Litany for all prisoners and captives, and all that are desolate and oppressed, without praying that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb may comfort him in his affliction and restore him to liberty sooner than he expects.*"

Wynne's eyes filled with tears. "Eileen! It can be nobody else," he thought. "A true woman, if ever there was one. How good of her, dear soul! She prays that God may comfort me and restore me to liberty. It would have been more to the purpose if He had prevented me from being deprived of my liberty. Yet, if prayers can help me, hers will, and she is fulfilling them herself. This letter is like a gleam of sunshine in a hopeless sky. God bless you, Eileen!" he added fervently, thus doing for her what he had ceased doing for himself.

Jardine's letter was mainly about business; he knew better than to put aught in that might disqualify it for delivery. The practice was doing quite as well as could be expected. Some patients who had gone elsewhere had returned. Accounts were coming in as usual, expenses being kept down. It was a good sign that Jardine had been able to place money on deposit with a London bank. Pollards' gave better interest, but it was undesirable to let Jabez know too much.

"*I have met Miss Daryl on two or three occasions,*" wrote Jardine by way of conclusion. "*She inquired very kindly after you, and, from what she said and failed to say, I inferred that she doubts the justice of the verdict, which, considering whose sister she is, seems rather strange. Her engagement with Tilter is broken off. He has shut his house up and gone to Africa on a big game shooting expedition.*"

This was almost the only purely personal news the letter contained, but below the signature was pasted a cutting from the marriage column of some paper, announcing the marriage at Passingford Church of Guy Daryl, M.A., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, to Benita, daughter of the late John Raven, Esq., of Guanajuata, Mexico.

Though Wynne had expected this denouement, it came to him with a great shock. He had not thought that his old sweetheart could transfer her love from him to his rival so easily and so soon. His heart, which Eileen's letter had softened a little, grew harder than ever, and he hated Benita only a degree less than he hated her husband and Jabez Pollard.

In his answering letter to Jardine, Wynne asked him, in guarded and allusive language (lest the censors should fall foul of it), to cut and keep for reference any mention of Guy Daryl that might appear in the papers, and suggested that it would save him trouble to subscribe to a "cutting agency."

All this time Wynne was undergoing "probation," which involved taking his meals and doing his work in a cell all alone, a system that, in the opinion of the State, conduces to reflection and penitence. It generally lasts a twelvemonth, when the prisoner is removed to a "works station," where the real penal servitude begins, and where, by diligence and good conduct, he may reduce his time by about a fourth. But prisoners who behave badly remain under probation, and must work out their sentences to the last day.

When Wynne had done his year of solitude and there was no sign of a removal, he began to quake. Not that he particularly wanted to change his quarters—it might be a change for the worse—but he was eager to earn the marks that were to shorten his penance. The warders would tell him nothing. But when, two months afterwards, one of them came into his cell and bade him put his things together, he knew that the curtain had been rung up for the second act of his doleful drama.

The warder took possession of Wynne's scanty effects and led him into a corridor, where between thirty and forty other convicts were mustered. After stripping and changing, they were gyved and chained, one to the other, in groups.

As the handcuffs were snapped on his wrists, Wynne shuddered and his gorge rose, but, as resistance had been madness, there was nothing for it but to abide without grimacing, which might have been construed as disrespectful to his betters. The next proceeding was to put the convicts in vans and drive them to the station, but whither they were going none as yet knew, except perhaps three or four, for all warders are not incorruptible, and some of the professionals had friends and confederates outside with plenty of money and few scruples.

There was a small crowd at the station, some of whom gave the gang a wide berth, while others stared at them with morbid curiosity. The convicts begged for tobacco, of which they got much, both loose and in packets and pouches, and, after they were seated in the third-class saloon carriage reserved for their use, those near the windows thrust out their heads and asked for more, which, when they got it, was either put into their mouths or secreted about their persons, despite the protests of the warders in charge, made rather to keep up appearances than in the hope of being obeyed.

Wynne suspected that tobacco was not the only article conveyed in some of the packets (not all of which were seen by the warders), but, as this was no affair of his, he kept his suspicion to himself.

It was a long journey, and, for the greater part, a night journey, and after sunset the carriage, dimly lighted by a few flickering lamps, became a very pandemonium.

The convicts shouted, blaspheming in a way that, hardened though Wynne now was, would have made his hair stand on end—if it had been long enough. The lurid air reeked with foulness and profanity. Some of the quieter men tried to sleep, but gyves and chains do not favour repose, and their slumbers were fitful and broken. The two ruffians between whom Wynne sat sought ease by laying their heads on his shoulders, and, when he shook them off with disgust, whispered hideous imprecations into his ear.

Shortly after midnight two men, who had only just been discharged from the hospital, swooned, on which there was some confusion.

Jennings, the warder who was in command, knowing that Wynne was a doctor, asked him to take them in hand, and to that end released him from his irons. Wynne had them laid out full length on their backs, ordered all the windows to be opened, and administered a restorative which he got from the warder.

In a few minutes the two men revived.

"Are they malingering?" asked Jennings of Wynne in a whisper.

"The little fellow was in a dead faint; the other probably felt rather queer, and faked the swoon for the sake of the restorative. He opened his lips before I touched them with the spoon."

"The rascal smelt it. I'll keep an eye on him. Take that corner seat, and, as I may want you again and you are a quiet man, I'll not put the bracelets on you."

Wynne thanked his custodian and obeyed. Then, with an intense feeling of relief, he folded his arms and rested his back and his head, and, finding that his nearest companions were not of the baser sort, his satisfaction increased. All they wanted was to be let alone, and they therefore let him alone.

The din fell gradually to a hoarse murmur, broken by an occasional exclamation. In spite of themselves, some of the guard dozed and their vigilance relaxed. Wynne sank into a deep sleep, which lasted till the prisoner next him shook his arm and whispered: "There is something up. Look!"

Wynne rose, and tried to make out what was happening. At the same instant, more than half the convicts sprang to their feet, and their handcuffs and chains clattered on the floor. Some rushed to the doors, others assaulted the warders, who, though scattered and taken at advantage, showed great pluck. Two or three revolver shots rang out.

A great, hulking giant of a fellow, making for a door, was opposed by Jennings, whose pistol, missing fire, was knocked out of his hand, and the convict, seizing him by the shoulders, bent him backward over one of the low partitions, and would have broken his spine had not Wynne taken the ruffian by the throat and pulled him away. A moment afterwards, Wynne was struck on the head with a pair of handcuffs, and went down.

The warders were now getting the upper hand. Several men had escaped at the peril of their lives, but the main body were brought to obedience by the threat of being shot if they did not sit down, and, while some of the guard stood over the mutineers with pointed pistols, others replaced the gyves and readjusted the fetters. Several of the packets thrown into the carriage at starting had, in addition to tobacco, contained keys for unlocking handcuffs and tools for cutting chains.

A Library and a Picture Gallery for 4d. Ask your newsagent for the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

Wynne Sees Himself.

TROUGH wounded and felled, Wynne was out of time only a few minutes. As soon as order was restored, one of the warders bandaged his bleeding head and revived him with a nip of brandy.

"You did me a good turn, Wynne, and I shall not forget it," said Jennings, calling him by his name instead of his number, which was a compliment. "We must have that cut on the head seen to at the next station."

Wynne was not the only wounded man. Most of the warders, including Jennings himself, were more or less hurt. One of them had got his shoulder put out. Wynne laid him on the floor and put it in. He also applied an improvised tourniquet to a convict's arm which had been pierced by a bullet. Others of the prisoners had been injured, but, as they had brought their fate on themselves and their hurts were not serious, they received little attention.

At the first stop the guard and the station-master were called, and divers arrangements made. As it was impossible to pursue the fugitive convicts before daylight, one of the warders was left behind with instructions to put the local police on their track, and the escort was reinforced by several volunteers.

Then the journey was resumed and went on without further incident until the train stopped at a terminal station, where the convicts were transferred to omnibuses, in which they travelled to their final destination, a vast prison on a wild, wind-swept moor.

Their arrival, and the battered appearance of some of them and their escort, made a sensation, and Jennings had to give explanations; but, the discipline of this inferno being as strict as that of a fortress in war time, the wonted regulations were rigorously observed. The men were marched off in squads to the baths. After ablutions came dinner, and after dinner medical examination and a change of garments. Three or four of the mutineers were sent to the infirmary, the remainder to the punishment cells. After being overhauled by the chief warder, Wynne had an interview with the governor, who questioned him closely concerning the events of the preceding night. A tall, portly gentleman he was, with a beak-like nose, a high complexion, and the air of command that was well-suited to a master of slaves.

"Your conduct has my approval," he said presently. "It shall be reported to headquarters, together with a few remarks of my own, which, I trust, will be to your advantage. Your rescue of Jennings was a plucky performance, and all the more deserving of commendation, as, instead of helping him, you might have made a leap for liberty, and possibly escaped."

"I had no wish to escape," remarked Wynne.

"No wish to escape! Ah, a sense of duty, I suppose! You would not shirk your sentence? A very proper spirit, though unusual."

"I should be sorry for you to be under a misapprehension, sir, but, as I have committed no offence, I should not scruple to shirk my sentence."

"Committed no offence! But you have been convicted of a felony."

"Unjustly."

"I cannot go into that—" hastily.

"And I am not going into it. I wish merely to explain that, though the idea of escaping has naturally occurred to me, I made up my mind from the first not to attempt it, even though a favourable opportunity should present itself—for two reasons; I could remain in England only as a fugitive, a man wanted by the police; and, if I went abroad, I could return only at the risk of being recaptured, which would not suit my purpose."

"So that was your motive? Shows you are a man of sense. Gad, I would rather undergo a term of penal servitude myself than not be able to live in England. You have been tailoring, I see. Would you like to follow the same occupation here? Only our fellows work in gangs, under supervision, not in their own cells alone."

"Thank you, sir, but, as I have been tailoring fourteen months, I think I should like a change."

"Indoors or outdoors?"

"Outdoors."

"Good! You shall join the turf cutters. Make a note of it, Mr. Watkin (the chief warder). You will find it hard work, though."

"Probably. But I would rather dig in the open air than sit all day on a board in a stuffy room."

"Gad, so would I. Sensible again. But you won't be fit for anything for a day or two. You had better go to your cell and have a good rest. Mr. Watkin, give orders that Wynne is not to be disturbed except at meal-times and for exercise until the doctor has pronounced him fit for work."

Watkin, seeing that Wynne had found favour with the governor, did him the honour of conducting him to his quarters. He had likened his first cell to a tomb; his new one might be likened to a coffin. It was less than a foot longer than a tall man, and not much more than a yard across. Its equipment consisted of a little hinged, let-down table, fixed to the wall, two or three shelves, and the inevitable bucket. On one of the shelves were a neatly-folded hammock, a roll of blankets, and a candlestick. On another reposed a Bible, a prayer book, and an odd volume of a religious magazine. Light, such as there was, came through a small window of thick glass.

"It isn't exactly palatial," said the chief warder grimly. "But our cells are not for prisoners to live in, only to sleep and take some of their meals in, and they're better and wholesomer than the steerage of an emigrant ship or the sleeping-quarters of a tramp's lodging-house."

The chief warder then showed Wynne how to sling his hammock, and advised him to turn in, which he did right gladly, being weary with his long vigil, and his broken head was ill at ease.

In the morning he was taken to the surgery to have his wound dressed. The doctor enjoined further rest, and Wynne returned to his cell with some books obtained for him by the chief warder.

Three days later he was pronounced fit for work, and on the following morning, after breaking his fast and going to prayers, marched to the turf moor with the gang to which he had been assigned. As the governor had said, the work was hard, especially for a man unaccustomed to such a task. But, having deliberately chosen an open-air job for the sake of his health, which had suffered from his long spell of separate confinement, Wynne did not repine, and, after a while, became so fit and expert as to be able to do his day's work with comparative ease.

It was very monotonous, and performed under conditions that made the toil as morally painful as it was physically hard. Most of his fellow labourers were sullen savages, with oaths ever on their lips and evil ever in their hearts, driven to work by armed warders, and watched by pickets of old soldiers, whose rifles were always loaded and ready either to shoot a fugitive or suppress a revolt.

In Wynne's gang were several men, some of them young, whose badges, marked with the letter "L," showed that they were slaves for life. And what a life it was! Nothing to look forward to but years of unremitting, unrewarded toil, rounded off with an unmourned death and a felon's grave. No interests beyond eating and sleeping, no friendships, as entirely cut off from the world and its doings, or any knowledge of them, as the monks of La Trappe.

Nothing to cheer, to solace, or to amuse them; everything to drive them to despair and wish to revile their Maker and die. Well-meaning folk who move Heaven and earth and the Home Secretary to commute a murderer's death sentence to penal servitude for life do him a cruel kindness.

Wynne wondered how "lifers" could consent to live, why they did not run away in order to be shot, or kill a warder in order to be hanged. Most of them, however, seemed to accept their fate in a spirit of sullen resignation, and, probably, after a time became too brutalised either to think or to feel. Yet now and then there was a sudden outburst.

One day a man working near Wynne, on being sharply reprimanded by a warder, dealt him a sudden blow with his spade that, but for the warder chancing to turn his head at the same moment, would have killed him there and then. As it was, he received a ghastly wound, and lay like one dead. Another warder and two or three "short timers," threw themselves on the "lifer," bore him to the ground, and handcuffed him.

"You shall swing for this, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the warder.

"The sooner the better. That's what I did it for," retorted the "lifer."

Wynne bound up the wounded man's head, who was then carried on a stretcher to the prison infirmary, while the would-be murderer was taken by two men of the guard to the punishment cells and loaded with irons.

(Another instalment of this romance next week.)

CUT THEM OUT.

Stopped Eating White Bread and Coffee and get well.

A TALE that sounds like magic, yet is but a simple evidence of what proper food can do in the place of improper food:

A lady says: "It seems impossible that I could have gone through what I did and be alive and well to-day. I was most of my life troubled with a weak stomach and severe headaches, and as I grew older I slowly got worse. One physician treated me five years for dyspepsia without any help, and I went to another physician, who said I had a tumour, and I believed him. I was unable to bear even the loosest clothing, and could scarcely lift my head, finally becoming entirely bedridden.

"Then I changed to another doctor, who said I had chronic catarrh of the stomach, and advised a change of climate, telling me I would get well if I would winter in a warm climate. He might as well have advised a trip to the moon in my case. Then I tried a change of diet. It seemed I could not live on biscuits and tea, nor could I find anything else to agree with me, and it began to look as though I was doomed to die. So I made up my mind to eat everything that I craved, and determined to die happy at least in the thought of not starving to death.

"Now that I look back at it I don't see how it is possible for a human being to live through such misery as I did. Of course, my stomach trouble and my head grew worse. I had all my hair cut off, but it did not help me, and when one of my headaches was on I was really and truly crazy, and did not even recognise my husband. The doctor would give me morphine to stop my crying.

"Then a friend, who knew what she was talking about, advised me to give up white bread and tea and coffee, and try the pre-digested food Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee in place. I did so, and I have had grand results. The improvement began immediately. I had fallen from 9st. to 6st. 9lb. in my illness, and, with my hair cut off and grey, too, I was a fright.

"In a few days after I started on Grape-Nuts I could eat a little beef and biscuits without the least discomfort, my face began to fill out, and the awful distress in my stomach soon ceased. Then my headaches began to grow less frequent, and the dizzy spells have gone from me altogether, and I have reached and passed my former weight, and am now comparatively well and strong. I am certainly happy, and I never touch coffee now, for I am certain that coffee and the white bread and biscuits caused all my trouble. As soon as my body got the proper food it did not take it long to put me right both in body and mind. All the credit is due to Grape-Nuts and Postum in place of white bread and coffee." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Every ounce of Grape-Nuts tells.

There's a reason.

HAPPY THE MAN

Who Starts the Day with Grape-Nuts.

HAPPY is the man of affairs who begins the daily grind fortified by a dish of Grape-Nuts. Three or four teaspoonfuls of this delicious ready cooked breakfast food, with a little cream, a little fruit, and a couple of eggs, gives one a vigour and nerve and brain force which accomplishes wonders.

It keeps a man mentally well braced, and health means happiness and a power to win, whereas the man who begins the day by clogging his machinery with greasy, poorly cooked food, fails. Grape-Nuts is fully cooked at the factory, hence is ready for instant serving with cream or rich milk hot or cold.

It is a concentrated food; three or four teaspoonfuls are all that are required for the cereal part of the meal, but the satisfied feeling after partaking of this small quantity is surprising.

Its sustaining powers a prominent authority pronounces wonderful, and he further states that tests made by him show that Grape-Nuts is fully digested, and passes into the system in thirty minutes.

FITS CURED. From the first dose of Guertine fits cease. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. Sample Bottle sent free in exchange for this advertisement. Test it. (2.) J. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist 35 High Street, Belfast.

THE DAILY EXPRESS HALF-PENNY.

Sulpholine Lotion. For Clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance. SHILLING BOTTLES.

Packets—½lb., 3½d.—1lb., 7d.—Pound tins, 1s. 2d.

EPPS'S

Is far and away the most nutritious beverage you can take for breakfast and supper. The natural flavour preserved. An admirable food of the finest quality and flavour.

COCOA

Buy a packet at once [illegible] will continue.

CHIVERS'

"Absolutely Pure, and Free from Adulteration."—*Family Doctor.*

FLAVOURED with RIPE FRUIT JUICES.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE, FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT GROWERS' JAM FACTORY.

JELLIES.

Cargoes that Spoil Ships

Merchandise that Vessels are Unwilling to Carry.

Sailors Object Very Strongly to Coffee.

While Cotton has Proved a Source of Great Danger.

It might be imagined that ship owners and sailors would object most strongly to oil as a cargo for their vessels. Oil is, of course, a dangerous freight, but when properly tanked it seems to contain an element of risk less than that which is entailed by some other articles.

Cotton, for instance, is not looked upon with favour. It is especially liable to spontaneous combustion. A pile of oily cotton waste left in a moderately warm room will take fire spontaneously. Many a factory on shore has been burnt from this simple cause.

Cotton is, of course, usually loaded at Southern ports, where other staples are turpentine and resin. The steamer *Manchester Merchant* had a truly terrible experience in January, 1903, on her homeward voyage from New Orleans, when her mixed cargo of these three commodities caught fire. The ship was almost in sight of the Irish coast when the flames burst forth.

The crew at once attempted to jettison the cargo, but the volumes of dense black, resinous smoke drove them back.

The heat became terrific, and a second danger threatened, for the acrid fumes penetrated to the engine room and

rendered work below impossible.

The captain tried sinking the steamer by the stern, but the water failed to reach the burning cargo. The decks were red-hot, and the crew only half-conscious from heat and smoke, when the steamer entered Dingle Bay. The crew escaped in their boats, and the ship shortly afterwards sank.

Another danger of a cotton cargo is exemplified by the case of the Danish ship *Euxinia*, from Savannah to Bremen, also with a cargo principally composed of cotton. The fire was discovered whilst still four days out from the English coast. The crew proceeded to deluge the cotton with water.

Now cotton, especially when tightly baled, absorbs enormous quantities of water. One by one the bales went to pieces, and the cotton, swelling enormously, threatened to burst the sides of the ship.

Eventually, however, the crew succeeded in navigating the steamer into Plymouth, where with aid from shore the fire was at last extinguished.

The British barque *Cynthia* was utterly wrecked by a similar cause. She was a wooden vessel, and when her cargo of cotton caught fire the water poured upon it caused it to expand

and forced her seams open.

Her crew abandoned her, and she was afterwards found by a passing ship, derelict, with all sail set. She was absolutely waterlogged, and on the point of sinking. Nothing was ever heard of her crew. As the boat that boarded her left her, she slowly sank.

The Wilson liner *Ontario*, crossing from Hull to Boston with a general cargo, caught fire when four hundred miles west of Fastnet. Water was pumped on the flames, and then her captain and part of her crew entered the smouldering hold to finish extinguishing the flames.

Almost at once they all dropped insensible, and were got out only with the greatest difficulty. All were unconscious for a long time after their rescue. They had been suffocated by the fumes of burning arsenic, a large quantity of which was among the cargo.

Here is another and less unpleasant story of a cargo of arsenic. A barque with 300 casks of arsenic in her cargo started in November, 1902, on a voyage which occupied about two months. The crew slept near the barrels, and were annoyed by the curious and somewhat unpleasant odour which

this poison always gives forth.

After a week or two they began to notice that they were all putting on flesh in a most startling fashion. One man gained 25lb., and by the time they reached port the aggregate extra weight put on by the entire crew was little less than 400lb.

Governor Grey Wilson, of the Falkland Islands, relates a very curious mishap caused to a ship which put in to the main island for repairs. She was a Chilian vessel, bound from Europe with a cargo mainly composed of sulphuric acid. This was contained in iron drums which were packed in chalk.

Whoever was responsible for this cargo must have been singularly ignorant of the properties of sulphuric acid. It ate through the drums, and acting chemically upon the chalk, formed so much carbonic acid gas that eventually the hatches blew off. Then the rest of the acid dripped down to the bottom of the ship, and corroded her iron frame so badly that she could not continue her voyage.

Cargoes that give off gases or fumes are always dangerous. One day last year two bargemen were found dead in the cabin of their vessel on the Thames under curious circumstances.

The two were seen to go aboard off Honduras Wharf at midnight, with the intention of having their supper, sleeping aboard, and getting off with the morning tide. They engaged a man to rouse them at seven o'clock. The man, going aboard, descended the companion ladder, and half-way down stumbled over the blackened remains of the skipper.

On the floor below lay the other man, also dead. The barge was laden with refuse, and it was found that the two unfortunate men had been suffocated by the noxious gases thrown off from the cargo.

Coal throws off noxious and inflammable gases, soft coal especially. The *Frankistan*, a large sailing ship, left Newcastle, New South Wales, for San Francisco with over 3,000 tons of coal aboard. Three-quarters of the way across the coal was found to be afire thirteen feet below the surface. It

had ignited spontaneously.

The hatches were battened down, and all ventilation cut off, but the fire continued. Two days later there was a frightful explosion, and the hatches were blown off.

Flames rushed high into the air, but the crew heroically set to work and again secured the hatches. But soon afterwards the increasing pressure of gas blew the hatches off again, and the blazing gas leapt as high as the foresail. Happily for the crew the American schooner *H. C. Wright* hove in sight and took them off.

Iron ore is another cargo which does not add to the safety of a ship. Unless well protected by lightning conductors she will be in danger in every electric storm. The British steamship *Mercedes* had an awful experience of this kind off the Banks of Newfoundland.

The description given by her officers was that "balls of electric fire hissed and exploded in all directions, and darted among the vessel's masts and rigging. The electric fire hung from the mast and fore and aft stays, and practically

turned night into day."

Railway iron is universally detested owing to its being almost impossible to stow it so that it will not shift in heavy weather. If it does, it is very likely to go through the vessel's sides and sink her. Equally objectionable is grain in bulk, which has caused the wreck of many a fine ship by shifting and causing its carrier to capsize.

Of cargoes not absolutely dangerous to the vessel itself, but even more detested by the sailors themselves than more perilous articles, coffee is one of the worst. The green berry has a peculiar smell which, though pleasant in small quantities, becomes eventually horribly nauseous. Eventually the odour seems to impregnate everything aboard, and the crew become unable to eat, and sometimes suffer very seriously indeed.

Another cargo objectionable for a similar reason is pine planking. The resin or turpentine from the wood seems to pervade everything, especially the drinking water. It is impossible to get the flavour out of one's mouth. Men have been known to die of fever caused by the thirst consequent on refusing to drink the tainted water.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Uncle Toby Offers Gramophones, Penknives, Books, and other prizes.

Tuesday next, January 26th, 1904, is the last day on which attempts in this competition can be received.

On the cover of this number you will see the heading "PEARSON'S WEEKLY, To Interest, To Elevate, To Amuse," which appears week by week.

What you have to do is to copy this heading in black ink. The copies must be larger than the original heading, and the work must be done in school hours at the request of the master or mistress of your class. No ruling is allowed.

When the headings are done the teacher should collect them and send them along in an envelope marked "Boy" or "Girl," as the case may be, to Uncle Toby, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C., together with a few lines certifying that the heading is in each case the unaided work of the competitor. Each heading must bear the name and school address of the pupil who drew it. As the attempts of each school are finished they should be sent in at once. Schools may make any number of attempts. No attempt will be eligible for a prize unless accompanied by a teacher's certificate of its being unaided work.

To the pupil in each school competing who sends in the most accurate drawing, a little gift in the shape of either a pencil-case, penknife, book, box of water-colours, card of school requisites, or novelty top will be immediately awarded, and to each of the five boys and five girls whose attempts Uncle Toby considers to be the best of all those sent in from all schools will be presented a splendid Gramophone, together with two records. Moreover, the teacher of each pupil who receives a Gramophone will be presented with a cheque for £2 2s.

Show this to your school-teacher, and ask him or her to allow you and your schoolmates to enter for this competition.

The number of copies of *Pearson's Weekly* required by the teacher for the purpose of copying will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Publisher, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

NURSERY RHYMES TEACH CRIMES.

Vices that Children Learn from Fairy Tales.

There are in the United Kingdom about fourteen million children under the age of five years, whose education in most cases has been already begun by a course of picture books. One would naturally expect that the fairy tales and rhymes in these books, being intended for plastic little brains, would teach the very best of morals and good behaviour generally.

This, however, is not so by any means. For instance, cruelty is considered as quite a matter of course. The snail—as inoffensive a creature as one could find—is told to come out of his hole or he will be beaten "as black as a coal." The child hears this rhyme, and presently he grasps the lesson it contains. After that it is only a question of grasping his father's walking-stick and looking out for snails.

To take another instance, we read of some mice which were unfortunately blind. Now here we have a splendid chance to teach a lesson of sympathy. As a matter of fact, however, the rhyme describes in a distinctly jovial manner how the farmer's wife cut off their tails with a carving knife.

Then there is the case of the man who wouldn't say his prayers, and who is taken by one leg and flung downstairs. A still more flagrant case of teaching the right thing in the wrong way is the rhyme which threatens the "tell-tale-tit" that his tongue shall be slit.

"As I was going to sell my eggs," says a very popular little verse, "I met a man with bandy legs. Bandy legs and crooked toes, I tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose."

What a splendid lesson for the little ones! In these four short lines they are taught to jeer at deformed people, and to treat them with abominable cruelty.

"Goosey, goosey gander," sings another old friend, "who stands yonder? Little Betsy Baker, take her up and shake her."

The lesson to be drawn from this case is that a poor child is to be illtreated for absolutely no reason at all, except that her name rhymes with "shake her." Poor Betsy!

The statement that Taffy was a Welshman, and, as a natural consequence, a thief, is, in the majority of cases, a libel. Our only wonder is that the Welsh people have not presented a monster petition on the subject long ago.

But the Welshman is not the only class to suffer in this way. "Four and twenty tailors," we are told, "went to kill a snail, but the bravest man amongst them, dare not touch its tail."

Now take the tale of Simple Simon, and a very sorry tale it is. In the first place he tries to obtain goods on false pretences, well knowing that he has no means of paying for them. Then he goes fishing for a whale in his mother's pail. This, of course, may be a satire on the people who go away with rod and line and call at the fishmonger's on their way home.

His next proceeding, however, stamps Simon at once. He goes to look if plums grow on a thistle, and pricks his fingers very much, which makes poor Simon whistle. Comment is needless.

But the worst case of all is the tale of "Puss in Boots," which encourages, amongst others, the vices of cruelty, snobbery, vulgarity, injustice, deceit, fraud, theft, and false pretences.

This wonderful animal, which is gifted with speech, goes poaching, and his master apparently consents to become a receiver of stolen goods. The cat, however, has a deeper scheme in view, for when he catches his first rabbit he kills it "without mercy," and then takes it to the King's palace, where he naturally obtains admission to the royal presence at once. He immediately offers the stolen rabbit to the King, who accepts it gratefully, and a great many more afterwards.

One day the cat hears that the King and his daughter are going for a drive by the river. So he instructs his master to take off his clothes and have a swim, and then he runs along the bank, shouting, "The Marquis of Carabas is drowning." Two lies in six words!

The King bids his Gold Stick in Waiting to rescue the imitation Marquis, and, by some sleight of hand, a spare court suit is produced, as the cat states that thieves have stolen his master's clothes. Then the Marquis is naturally taken into the royal carriage, where the Princess, of course, falls in love with him.

Meanwhile, the cat—who is, apparently, as good at running as he is at thieving and lying—races far in front of the royal party, until he finds some men gathering in the hay. He immediately terrorises these poor fellows, and forces them by sheer brute strength to promise to say that the lands around all belong to the Marquis of Carabas.

The King, of course, asks the question, and is much pleased to find the young man so wealthy.

Meanwhile, the cat sprints forward, finds a castle occupied by an ogre, persuades the latter to change himself into a mouse, and then, in defiance of all the laws of hospitality, eats him. Then he lies heavily to the ogre's servants, who believe him, and receive the miller's son as their master, the Marquis of Carabas.

Eventually the cat's master marries the Princess, and, on the death of her father, succeeds to the throne. The cat is given an appointment at court.

Do you believe that drawings can be made with a typewriter? No? Then just get the February ROYAL MAGAZINE.

KIDNEY COMPLAINT COMES ON UNNOTICED.

It will cost Sufferers Nothing to Try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. *(See Below.)*

he great danger of kidney disease is quiet way in which it grows on the erer. The first symptoms may be pains in the back, swelling of the s, urinary disorders, nervousness, plessness, irritability, difficulty in thing, or irregular action of the rt; and while the patient is never , he does not feel ill enough to keep bed. But any of these symptoms ld be sufficient warning, for kidney ble is serious, and every day it is lected it gains a firmer hold.

oan's Backache Kidney Pills are a licine for men and women—old and ng. It has been in use over 72 years special kidney and bladder medicine. pills do not purge, but act on the neys and bladder, giving strength tone to those important organs, and ing out of the body the urinous waste the kidney poisons which cause such ases as dropsy, Bright's disease, matism, diabetes, lumbago, sciatica, gravel.

o be cured by the *genuine* Doan's kache Kidney Pills is to stay cured, his medicine cures the actual *cause* isease.

PLEURISY AND INDIGESTION.

Kidney Poisons in the System cause a Collapse of Health. Cured 18 Months by Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Rose Key, of 3 Orchard Court, Barton Street, Tewkesbury, said in October of 1901: "For eight years I suffered with dreadful pains in my back and chest, and between my shoulders—they were like a knife running into me. I was laid up wrapped in blankets for eight weeks. I suffered agonies from pleurisy. Following this was a bad attack of indigestion and windy spasms, which made me so unwell that I was afraid to eat anything. I went to a doctor, and he gave me medicine, but it did me no good. One of my neighbours, seeing how unwell I was, gave me some of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills to try. Within a short time I could tell this medicine was doing me good, so I took the pills regularly for a few days. I cannot express my gratitude at the wonderful good they did me; they have made a different woman of me, and my neighbours will bear out my word. I think Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are a splendid medicine. (Mrs.) R. Key."

EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER we heard again from Mrs. Key. She said: "I have felt quite a different woman since my cure by Doan's pills; my back has been entirely free from pain, and my digestion has been good. My illness was a really serious one, and quite beat the doctor, so, although it is a great credit to Doan's pills to have cured me, it is a far greater credit that I should be still well after all this time—18 months."

Of all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the Proprietors, FOSTER-McCLELLAN CO., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W., at 2/9 per box, or 11/9 for six boxes.

A Free Sample sent to any address. Send 1d. stamp for postage. Mention Pearson's Weekly.

Be sure you get the genuine Doan's, like your neighbour had.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

BE CAREFUL TO GET THE GENUINE

DOAN'S Backache Kidney PILLS.

ALL BROKEN UP.

ARE YOU BROKEN IN HEALTH?
IS YOUR BACK WEAK?
IS YOUR VITALITY WASTED?
ARE YOUR NERVES SHATTERED?

You are here offered new life, fresh courage, and the nerves and vigour which belong to strong people. You can be cured of the effects of past errors, excesses, and mistakes.

The Dr. McLaughlin Co.'s

ELECTRO VIGOUR

is worth its weight in gold to everyone whose strength and vitality are leaving him. It fills the body with nerve force, warms the blood, stimulates the circulation, and restores all the mental and physical energy wasted in earlier years. It does this while you sleep.

It has made thousands of homes happy. It is as good for women as for men. Man and wife can use the same appliance. The regulator makes it strong or mild, to suit the wearer. It is the only Electric Appliance in the world that can be regulated while on the body.

It has restored health and strength to fifty thousand weak and sick people in twenty-five years. If used as we direct, it is a positive cure, and cannot fail. It pours glowing, exhilarating vitality into you while you sleep; it rejuvenates, animates sluggish circulation, stimulates the brain to activity, and fills the body with life, ambition, and endurance. In one day's use it will make you feel as if born anew. It furnishes the motive power that runs your body, and quickly banishes pain. It cures Nervous Disorders, WEAK BACK, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, and Bowel Troubles, "Come-and-go" pains, and that Tired Feeling. EVERY OTHER TREATMENT HAS FAILED.

NOT DRUG.—Can't you see that all the Drugs on earth will not restore the fire to your blood, Electricity to your nerves? If you are weak, you must get back what you have lost. You can't repair by dosing your stomach, because no strength comes from such treatment.

£1000 REWARD

paid by the Dr. McLaughlin Co. for an Electro Vigour which does not give a current can be felt and regulated by the wearer.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Call and test ELECTRO VIGOUR if you can. Consultation free. If you cannot call, GET THE FREE BOOK. Our Book is published for Free tion to those interested in the development of Vigorous Health in Men and Women. If alth is not as you would like it to be, study our method.

The Dr. P. McLAUGHLIN Co.,
STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Near Somerset House).
Offices—35 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW, and 3 Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.
Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

29
YEARS' SUCCESS.

THE WORLD'S REMEDY FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY TO EVERYBODY.

Important Notice:

***SUBSTITUTION.**—There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.*

Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, M.P.S., Chemist, Hull.
Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

[illegible]

Strange healing, isn't it? Mrs. Dixon, of Crostwight, East Norfolk, knows what a lot it means. She tried sixteen various "remedies" for indigestion and biliousness in vain, had eight doctors, and suffered for thirty years. Her husband couldn't smoke his pipe in the house because the smoke brought on her biliousness. Then she tried one more remedy—bile beans, and was cured.

Crostwight is only a little village. Mrs. Dixon has lived there thirty-seven years, so her case has naturally aroused considerable interest. Reader, if you are bilious, or have spells of digestive disorder, or headache, if you can't eat much, and when you do eat your food repeats, with a nasty acid taste, just remember this—Mrs. Dixon suffered all that you are suffering for thirty years. To-day she's cured. You've tried so many things? That's just what she said! Have you tried bile beans? She hadn't at one time, and suffered. She has now, and is well.

Do you think her case is widely different from your own? Bile beans differ from all other preparations in one important particular—they don't merely relieve, they cure! All chemists stock them at one and three-halfpence or two and nine per box [illegible]. Don't take substitutes.

JOHN BULL'S APPETITE.

Every year John Bull devours something like 2,150,000 tons of meat. To supply this, a string of cattle has to be killed that would reach half-way round the world. But, judging by medical reports, it is safe to estimate that one-half of this amount of food lies absolutely undigested. To aid digestion, nothing is more effective than bile beans. They act as a gentle stimulant on the stomach and liver, and remove all impurities from the system. Those who are the victims of indigestion and biliousness will find them a safe and effective remedy. They are composed of purely vegetable substances, and have proved their value over and over again in the most stubborn cases. Beware, however, of inferior, and frequently injurious, imitations.

STARVED TO DEATH.

Cut off a city's food supply, the inhabitants starve. Every part of the human body is dependent for its food supply upon the blood. If the blood is impoverished it cannot give nourishment, and the body is starved. The body of every sufferer from anæmia is really starving, because the blood is devoid of the nourishing corpuscles. Experience proves that every anæmic person who uses bile beans takes the surest course to health. Miss Clara Ryan, of [illegible], Canterbury Road, New Brompton, was very anæmic: "I had frequent attacks of headache and palpitation," she says, "and often fainted. I could never get upstairs without someone to assist me, or by taking a couple of steps and then sitting and resting. A doctor attended me, and I became an out-patient at a hospital, but no benefit resulted.

"One day a lady, noticing my pale, anæmic condition, told me she had found bile beans an excellent cure. I took bile beans after that, and almost at once began to improve. My appetite and my colour returned. After I had taken a few boxes, I was thoroughly restored to health, and I have continued to be so." Bile beans are the finest known remedy for anæmia, constipation (the chief cause of anæmia), indigestion, and all liver trouble. All chemists now stock at one and three-halfpence or two and nine per box.

HE REPRESENTED THE KING.

For a Labour Member of Parliament to sit in the House as the representative of his Majesty the King is a great honour. This honour was enjoyed by Mr. Joseph Arch, the member for one of the Norfolk divisions. Unfortunately for Mr. Arch ill-health compelled him to retire. Mr. Arch is by no means a solitary example of the sad effects of ill-health. Fortunately bile beans for biliousness are now doing a great deal towards improving and preserving the health of workers on the land. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Bullingham, farmer, of Hill House, Sylcham, Suffolk. In consequence of acute indigestion, Mr. Bullingham was unable to continue his work. He says: "I could not digest food, lost power to sleep, suffered from weariness and exhaustion, and became very weak. For a long time I never knew what it was to enjoy a square meal. If I could have eaten I might have pulled round, but the indigestion was at the root of all the trouble, and kept me down.

"Try hard as I might, I could not get a healthy meal down. After every attempt I had severe pains through the chest, a heavy feeling in the pit of the stomach, swelling with flatulence, and pains about the body. Violent headache also tortured me, and sickness and retching shook me. At times I have rolled about the floor driven nearly crazy with pain. No matter what I took, I found no remedy. At length I read about bile beans, and was induced to try them. I [illegible] easier after the first dose, and as I continued taking them my condition gradually improved until I can quite [illegible]. I am thankful to say bile beans completely cured me. Many people in our neighbourhood have taken them since I found such benefit from them. All agree that bile beans are a wonderful medicine."

Bile beans cure biliousness, piles, indigestion, liver complaint, anæmia, female ailments, debility, palpitation, pain in the back, constipation, loss of appetite, headache, flatulence, pimples, skin eruptions, and the various ailments due to impurities of blood, congestion of the system, and loss of vital force. Of all chemists at one and three-halfpence and two and nine per box. You are warned against attempts sometimes made to induce customers to take other remedies described as "just as good." There is no such remedy. Bile Beans are the product of the latest scientific research. They are purely vegetable, contain no harmful drugs, may be discontinued when the cure is completed, and are in all ways the safest family medicine.

WILD BEASTS AT LARGE.

A bear at the Liverpool Zoological Gardens escaped from its cage and tore the flesh of a man in a horrible way. At Birmingham a lion escaped from a menagerie and took refuge in a drain. A number of performing bears wandered through Kent and tore and mutilated the sheep and cattle. These are dangers which rarely arise, however; but ravages of indigestion and biliousness are far more widespread than those of bear or lion. Indigestion and biliousness lead to serious and deadly diseases, and the safest and most effective method of eradicating them is to purify the system by a course of bile beans. This wonderful medicine is compounded of vegetables that are naturally medicinal—Nature's own remedy—and is obtainable of all chemists in sealed boxes at one and three-halfpence and two and nine. See that no inferior imitation is supplied to you.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

A Generous offer, which no reader interested should fail to embrace, is made to all who would like to test the efficacy of bile beans free of cost. All you have to do is to inclose one penny stamp (to pay return postage) together with your name and address in an envelope addressed to the Bile Bean Co.'s central depôt, Greek Street, Leeds, and the proprietors will at once send you a sample box free of charge. The only condition imposed is that you cut this paragraph out of *Pearson's Weekly*, of January 23rd, and enclose it also in the envelope.

[illegible]

"TATCHO"

The Restorative Prescribed by the Medical Profession for Hair Disorders.

To the Hundred Thousand Ladies and Gentlemen

who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the [illegible] corners of the earth) and [illegible] me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair, [illegible]. [illegible] YOU—In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy, "Tatcho," and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort—I have been compelled to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the [illegible] under my [illegible] directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself.—[illegible], in the "Referee."

"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6.

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES, [illegible] Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The purest and most efficient Remedy procurable for

COUGHS, COLDS, [illegible], ASTHMA, CATARRH, WEAK LUNGS, & CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

[illegible] of analysis, among other things, says:—"I have pleasure in certifying that, in my opinion, Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceptionally pure, safe, and effective preparation."

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA

[illegible] writes:—"I have had [illegible] Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, I [illegible] and since I have been [illegible] a good night's rest. I [illegible] Cough Cure. I am sure it will be a great blessing [illegible] but nothing did me a bit of good. During the winter I had to sit down [illegible] in a chair at a time because of the shortness of breath and choking sensation, but all that has gone now, and I am looking very well."

Rev. [illegible] London, writes, June [illegible]:—"I have a high opinion of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I have used it with much benefit to myself."

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Mrs. [illegible], Lincs., writes:—"My little boy suffered from whooping cough for nine months. I tried no end of Cough Mixtures, but they did him no good. He could neither eat nor sleep and was very thin. I noticed an improvement in him after the first bottle of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and now, sir, your medicine has cured him, and I am thankful to tell you."

[illegible], Editor of [illegible], writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceedingly successful remedy; it is very pleasant to take and the relief it gives is very rapid. The preparation is perfectly safe for children."

Ask for VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

[illegible] 9½d., Double size 1/1½ and 2/9, of Chemists and Drug Stores, or post free from the Veno Drug Co., 39 Cedar Street, Manchester.

I Clothe Millions.

The Amazing Story of John Bull's Best "Line."

By a Cotton Plant.

PROBABLY at some time or other you have had hollyhocks growing in your garden? Know then that I, the cotton plant, or more particularly that type of it familiar to commerce, am very like this flower.

We grow just as readily in the tropical parts of America, Asia, and Africa, as in more temperate zones, though we prefer a moist soil, and flourish to a greater state of perfection when planted near the sea.

Personally, I pushed my head through the earth at Caroline, where about three million acres are devoted to our cultivation in the North and South States. Other parts of the United States, India, and Egypt also produce large quantities of cotton.

It was in the month of March when I first saw the light, about eight or ten days after my seed had been planted in the soil.

Two or three days after my first leaf appeared, my second arrived, and it was then that my planter began to grow anxious about me. He separated me from my cousins, many of whom he killed, so that I and my more fortunate fellows

should obtain greater nourishment.

His greatest trouble was our insect enemies, which include caterpillars, cutworms, grasshoppers, locusts, and beetles. In one year in the United States damage was done to the extent of £3,500,000 through these pests. A sudden change in temperature or a late frost will also kill millions of us.

I grew to a height of about six feet, and bore almost on every branch a number of rather large yellow flowers, which very soon fell off, giving place to my fruit—pods containing seeds and fibre. When ripe, these pods split into a number of valves, usually three to five, and release the seeds.

At the end of August I was picked and carried to a factory where my fibre was separated from my seed. This process is termed "ginning," and is performed by machinery, some of the largest gins separating from 300lb. to 350lb. per hour.

Our factory was a very large one, and the seeds from half-a-dozen gins were conveyed to a cylindrical tube in which worked a screw, which carried the seeds quite a hundred yards away to the oil mill. Here the lint or fibre left upon the seed was removed by a "linting" machine, which, after delivering the cotton or waste in a kind of roll, straightway puts it behind a "carding" engine, whose

it is made into wadding.

Meanwhile the seed has passed to a hulling machine, which removes the "hull" or shell to one side, while the green kernel is passed down a shoot, which deposits it beneath a huge hydraulic press. From the pressure results a clear and sweet oil, sold as "olive" oil.

The remains of the green kernel are pressed into oil cakes for feeding cattle. Not even the stalks, by-the-way, are wasted, for they are reduced to a pulp, and made into excellent writing-paper.

The cotton itself is then baled, in which condition I was shipped across the Atlantic to a huge spinning mill in Lancashire.

My first experience was to be weighed, and my weight recorded carefully. Then I was taken away to be introduced to the "bale breaker," a machine which breaks up bales and mixes their contents.

I was next brought into contact with the most powerful machine in the spinning mill. It is termed the "opener." By means of a beater, to which is fitted a large number of steel knives or spikes, I was beaten down and opened out at a terrific rate.

This freed me of the heavy impurities such as sand, leaf, and shell I had brought with me from Carolina, and I found myself passing out of this wonderful machine in a large sheet between

four enormously heavy rollers.

I had to undergo a further process of cleaning and opening, but to a greater degree of perfection, in a "scutching" machine, which serves another purpose in turning out a sheet of cotton of more uniform thickness and weight than that which passed from the opener. I next was put in the "carding" machine, where the opening process was again continued.

One cylinder I passed under had 600 steel wire teeth for every square inch of its surface. These combed the cotton like you comb your hair. But no less remarkable was the method by which my fibres were gathered together and converted to a "sliver"—a rope of cotton less than an inch in diameter.

My fibres in the sliver, however, were in a very crossed and entangled condition, and quite unsuited for the usual processes of cotton spinning. To remedy this defect I was brought to a drawing frame.

On this machine four to eight slivers were welded together to the dimensions of one to secure a greater uniformity of diameter and a greater strength as thread, and passage through further complicated machinery set my fibres in a parallel order.

But in spite of all the experiences I had gone through, I was not yet ready for spinning into yarn. I had still to be introduced to the bobbin and fly frames—a set of three complicated machines, which carry on the operation of making the "sliver," or rope of cotton, finer and thinner, and add to the uniformity and cleanliness of the thread. I next made the acquaintance of the "self-actor mule."

Many of these machines are 120 feet in length, contain over 1,800 spindles, each spinning and winding sixty-four inches of thread in about fifteen seconds.

I entered one a mass of fibrous substance, and left it in twisted and round strands of thread, miles in length, and of wonderful fineness of texture. Once, indeed, your Manchester spinners made thread so fine that out of one pound of yarn was produced a length of no fewer than 4,770 miles. Yarn is usually made a twentieth part of this length to the pound.

"Reeling" and "bundling" were the next processes to which I was subjected. Reels

are wound from the spools

formed upon the mule, but bundles are made into parcels of from 5lb. to 10lb. for their more convenient transit. Yet they serve another purpose in that, should bleaching or dyeing be necessary, these operations can be performed more satisfactorily than in the raw state, or even as spools.

It is an extraordinary fact, considering all the wonderful things that can be done by cotton spinners, that there is no actual method of spinning thread of sufficient strength to be used for sewing.

What has really to be done is to spin a much finer yarn than that required, and then by doubling it several times, spinning it into one thread of the desired thickness and strength.

I was now ready to be used for innumerable purposes. You know, of course, that articles of everyday use, such as handkerchiefs, shirts, and sheets, are woven from yarn. But although this is brought about by most complicated machinery, the actual process is not at all difficult to understand, for it consists in intersecting the threads of two distinct sets of yarns,

termed the weft and the warp.

In forming the warp, however, the threads usually pass through a mixture of paste, termed "size," which strengthens them. In this way I was manufactured into calicoes, cambrics, muslins, hosiery, embroidery, and a thousand and one other goods.

In the making of imitation silk, for which I am used, the cotton yarn is passed rapidly through a gas flame several times. This does not burn the thread, but it effectually removes all the loose, oozy fibres which are present in most cotton yarns.

To look like linen we are run over a sprinkling apparatus, and then between heavily weighted hot rollers, which finish the glazing process.

Wool is imitated in suitings and flannelette by raising a short nap on both sides of the fabric by "carding," or combing; while by giving an oscillating motion to the cloth as it passes between one roller engraved with fine lines and the other unengraved, cotton can be made to assume the appearance of moiré or watered silk.

I am, as of course you know, John Bull's best "line." Out of the world's trade in us in 1902, of a value of over £114,000,000, Great Britain exported yarns, piece goods, and other forms of manufactured cotton to the tune of no less than £73,500,000 odd, or over 64 per cent. of the total trade.

CRAWFORD: "He seems to be a confirmed cynic. I didn't hear him say a good word about anybody."

Crabshaw: "Perhaps you didn't draw him out about himself."

PHYSICIAN: "What is your profession, sir?"

Patient (pompously): "I'm a gentleman."

Physician: "Well, you'll have to try something else; it doesn't agree with you."

FIRST BOY: "Do you think your father will let your sister marry Mr. Comeoften, Johnny?"

Second Boy: "Oh, yes; I know he will. Pa keeps our dog tied up every n'ght now."

"MAMMA, the right way to spell 'high' is h-i-g h, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear. Why do you wish to know?"

"'Cause I'm writin' a composition about the highena."

SUBURBS: "Friday is always our servant girl's off day."

Citiman: "You mean her 'day off,' don't you?"

Suburbs: "No; Thursday is her day off. That's why Friday is her 'off day.'"

TUPMAN: "Jones is in a dreadful fix for a nervous man."

Winkle: "How so?"

Tupman: "The only way to keep his baby quiet is to play the violin, and the dog howls whenever he hears it."

ARE GIRLS A FAILURE?

By THE CANTANKEROUS CRANK.

(Don't Believe Him.—Editor.)

NATURE has made few more grievous blunders in her ignominious career than the girl. She meant well when she placed the thing on the market. So far as she, with her limited intelligence, could figure it out, there seemed a demand for this sort of article. Mankind wanted something to cheer him up. He wanted something pretty to look upon, something willowy and sinewy, which should add youthful grace and charm to life generally.

Now, how does the girl fulfil these requirements of mankind? Is she, to begin with, as pretty, and willowy, and sinewy, as charming and as graceful as she is advertised?

There are pretty girls, there are willowy girls, charming and graceful girls, but very, very few who are each and all at the same time. And the vast majority of them are neither one nor the other, though their friends will tell you that they are good at heart.

I say you don't see the girl as Nature put her on the market in the daily course of life. If she does exist at all—which I am beginning to doubt—she is tucked away in some remote suburb.

When she goes out she is so heavily chaperoned by mothers or aunts that such attraction as she may possess is as cut off from human enjoyment as if she were a Turkish lady, veiled from the eyes of man.

But, you will tell me, I shall see such girls at social gatherings, if I go to them. Well, I do not as a rule, but when I do the brand of the girl supplied for my delectation is a dreary failure. Party girls are a mistake—worse, they are a blunder. They may be pretty to look at, but there their utility ceases.

The party girl cannot talk. If a man happens to come her way in nine cases out of ten she is thinking of him as a possible suitor. Will he pay her as pretty compliments as that other man did, she wonders? Will his admiration for her be as overwhelming?

What might result from the conversation? A flirtation simply, or something more serious? What does he look like? Is he rich? Or, perhaps, is he well-connected, or very clever? The girl sizes the man up just as far as he is likely to suit one of her many books.

But what is that man thinking for himself? Here is a pretty girl, he says. It is the correct thing for one to talk to a pretty girl, to pay her compliments. Besides, who knows but that she might not take a fancy to him, which would be particularly gratifyin.g to his vanity. So he saunters up and starts a conversation. He finds he has to do all the work.

If he is a skilled flatterer he gets good practice. If not, he bores both the girl and himself to distraction. For the party girl is very rarely likely to be interested in the same things as the man. She never draws out of him his real thoughts, or his best conversation.

Then the party girl is very rarely accomplished in any way. If asked to play the piano or sing she always hesitates. I have never known a party girl sit straight down and go through her business without a lot of protests and simpers. She has forgotten her music, or has a cold, or is tired, or pretends that she does not play at all or sing.

If by any kind of manœuvre she is got to the instrument she will give a vapid, lifeless performance, showing that she has been well taught, but nothing else. She has no originality.

This kind of girl always, as we know, dances divinely, which makes her more of a social failure than ever. For very few ordinary men dance even humanly, much less divinely. The whole time they are jaunting through the waltz or lancers, they are wishing the earth would swallow them up. And the girl does not fail to let them know what she thinks of their "dancing."

The farthest point to which the party girl goes in the shape of merriment is giggling alternated with rudeness. If she can get in so many giggles to the minute, no matter whether they are called for or not, she will gain the envied reputation of being a "jolly" girl. So this disease, as "giggling" really is, instead of being crushed at youth as it ought to be, is actually cultivated by the party girl.

Then she has another great asset, that is rudeness. If she can deliberately produce some scathing remark calculated to tie a man up with mortification for the rest of the evening, she prides herself on a triumph. In fact, studied rudeness is one of a girl's favourite accomplishments.

For these and many other reasons, girls are not popular amongst either hosts or guests.

Even the Don Juans of your locality, those amorous young men who profess a great love of the opposite sex, will, you may have observed, suppress a sigh of relief when able for a moment to leave their partner at a dance and retire to the smoking-room. Most of them look on the work of partnering girls as little more than social drudgery, seldom attended by enjoyment.

Girls, in conclusion, if properly turned out, have their distinct uses in life. They are like the drawing-room clock—very picturesque, but seldom "going." As a social asset they are frightfully over-rated, and until an improved and up-to-date brand of these goods is placed on the market, mankind will still labour under a great grievance.

The New Magazine that's coming—THE RAPID REVIEW. No. 1 ready on February 12. Price 6d.

XIV.—Hubert Hamilton, Impostor.

Honourable Hubert Hamilton was the unlawful son of a Kentish gentleman by a maid-servant named Hamilton, in whose name he was baptised, and whose name he carried through life until it seemed good to him to merge his identity in the peerage.

To his father he owed the sound education which developed his unusually brilliant intellect, and to his mother's care a manner which enabled him to carry himself with distinction in any company.

Thus equipped he started in life, without any principles whatever to act as a brake. His first appearance after leaving school (where he had earned an extremely bad name) was as an assistant master in a school at Yeovil, in Somersetshire. He performed his duties satisfactorily; and he left, according to his representation, upon inheriting a large fortune.

He next made his appearance as a curate in London. Again his conduct was exemplary, and the fraud by which he had obtained the post was not discovered for years; and then only when he had become famous as one of

the most daring impostors of his time.

The parts he had played so far offered no scope for his intellect. He ran considerable risks, and could reap no harvest. This was a method of which he did not approve, and he decided upon a much more ambitious career.

Thus the Honourable Hubert Hamilton came into existence.

One morning, in 1869, a well-known solicitor in Lincoln's Inn received a card bearing that name, and was informed that its owner desired to see him. The solicitor readily acquiesced, and the Honourable Hubert Hamilton was ushered in.

He informed the solicitor that he was a ward in chancery, and requested him to act for him in London, as there were many little matters about which he did not like to consult his family lawyer.

Hamilton represented himself as the owner of considerable estates in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and wound up by stating that he was the Earl of Glencairn's nephew and heir. Other aristocratic connections were also mentioned in the most casual way, and the man of law congratulated himself upon securing so easily such a valuable and highly-born client.

Everything seemed to be in order. Hamilton lived in considerable style, entertaining and moving in good society, and giving his solicitor plenty of work. In fact, he completely won his way, and no suspicions were aroused.

He invited the solicitor to his house, and showed him certain deeds establishing his right to the properties he had mentioned.

All this time Hamilton lived on his credit. He took an expensive house at Kingston-on-Thames, and entertained in princely style, taking care to flatter his lawyer's vanity by frequent invitations.

Then came the first big move in the game.

Hitherto he had been content to run up bills and carry out petty swindles; but success emboldened him, and he decided to make a big haul. In this he was greatly aided by his solicitor, whose confidence he had completely won.

Hamilton informed the lawyer that a cousin was about to be married, and that he wanted to give her a handsome wedding present. He said that he knew nothing about the London jewellers, and asked whether

he could recommend one.

The solicitor gave the necessary information, and advised his client to deal with a friend of his own to whom he could give him an introduction. Hamilton expressed his thanks and drove straight to the diamond merchant's office, where he purchased jewellery to the value of £3,000.

Still the entertainments at Kingston were kept up. Hamilton laid down a cellar full of fine wines, and entertained his friends right royally, and amongst those he delighted to honour were the diamond merchant and the wine merchant with whom he dealt.

The next move was the most daring he had made. He came to inform his solicitor that his uncle had died suddenly, and that he was obliged to hurry away from town. All engagements were to be cancelled, and his solicitor was instructed to carry out the necessary correspondence.

When Hamilton returned to London, in deep mourning, it was as the Earl of Glencairn. His impostures were then on a more lavish scale; and of course nobody thought of expecting payment until after the tedious process of the law had been able to arrange the business connected with the late Earl's death.

Meanwhile his lordship rented a shooting-box in Scotland and invited his friends to join him. And here one of the most curious aspects of his career comes to light.

He was a bare-faced rogue, but he seems to have swindled chiefly with the object of living in the lap of luxury. Gain was a secondary consideration. While in Scotland he made the acquaintance of a young Glasgowman, and by him was introduced to a firm of wealthy jewellers in Glasgow, whom he robbed of nearly four thousand pounds' worth of jewellery.

He gained their confidence by a most daring trick. He took them an enamelled dish, in the centre of which was a most beautifully finished portrait of a lady. This, his lordship asserted, was a portrait of the great Napoleon's mother. It was of great value, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French (Napoleon III.) had offered a large price for it.

However, Lord Glencairn explained that he did not wish to part with such a treasure, and that he was prompted to submit it to them merely by a feeling of friendliness and because he knew they would be interested.

The jewellers were duly impressed; and when his lordship generously offered to leave the priceless treasure with them so that they might display it in their window for a few days,

they gladly accepted the offer.

A few months later the Glasgow jewellers began to get anxious about their money. They had supplied his lordship—who with consummate assurance had referred them to his bankers—but they had not received a penny from him.

They wrote respectfully asking for a settlement, and when no answer came they started making inquiries which disclosed the whole fraud. But when they sought the noble lord, he was nowhere to be found.

A couple of years later he reappeared in the United States, where he was passing as Lord Gordon. He was still at his old game, and playing very successfully.

On one occasion he approached the directors of the North Pacific Railroad with a proposal to purchase 50,000 acres of land. It was wanted, he explained, by his sister for the formation of a colony to relieve an over-crowded district in Scotland.

The directors received the proposal respectfully. They were greatly impressed by his lordship's position; and when he expressed a wish to see the suggested territory, they fitted out a costly waggon-train to do him honour.

Lord Gordon smilingly accepted all the adulation he was offered. He was everywhere and on all occasions master of the situation. When he had enjoyed the company's hospitality for some months he returned, and expressed himself satisfied—and he even went so far as to say that

his sister would purchase the estate.

The means by which this very fascinating scoundrel secured enough money for his daily needs remains unknown. His big swindles were not very numerous, and it is evident that he had some other source of income. That it was a swindle of some kind goes without saying; but of what nature is a mystery.

He always managed to move in good society, and his charm was so great that even keen men of business were duped. For instance, he succeeded in imposing upon Mr. Jay Gould so completely that the great financier turned to him for assistance in the hour of need. Hamilton secured a very valuable consideration; but, of course, he did not fulfil his part of the contract.

When the immediate strain was removed, Mr. Gould sought reparation, and Hamilton had the effrontery to fight the matter out in court. Indeed, he managed to hold his own for a time, even justifying his actions in the eyes of the law.

But his destiny was overtaking him. He was either not so alert as formerly, or he had become so used to victory that he neglected to contemplate defeat.

Whatever the cause, this meeting with Mr. Gould was the beginning of the end. He was compelled to disgorge a large part of the value he had received, and was admitted to bail. Then he made the fatal mistake of his life. He

absconded from his bail.

Suspicions were at once aroused. A solicitor was dispatched to England to make inquiries, and the whole story of his life was traced out by the Scotland Yard authorities.

So long had elapsed since the British swindles had been perpetrated that most of his victims decided to abstain from a prosecution which would bring them nothing and cost a great deal of money. The Glasgow jewellers, however, decided to act in conjunction with the Erie Railway Company (which had been swindled through Mr. Gould), and detectives were sent to arrest him.

After some time he was run to earth in Canada. He took no precautions to secure his freedom, and the arrest was effected without difficulty. Hamilton, quiet and assured as usual, offered no resistance, and the detectives were thrown off their guard.

Before being removed he asked permission to retire to the room adjoining the one in which he had been caught (it was a small attic from which escape was impossible) in order to fetch his hat. The request was granted and Hamilton walked slowly from the room.

Almost as he disappeared a shot rang out! The detectives rushed forward; and on the floor they found Hamilton breathing his last, a bullet in his brain.

[Next Article: CHARLES PEACE, Burglar.]

WHY SALMON TRAVEL 4th CLASS.

How Railways Classify the Goods they Carry.

There are no fewer than eight distinct classes for "travelling merchandise" on English railways, A being the lowest or cheapest class, then B and C, followed by classes 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Classes A and B are "patronised" by minerals sent in consignments of four tons and upwards, while Class C is applicable to consignments of goods weighing over two tons. Coal, cinders, and slack are, perhaps, the principal "travellers" by Class A, but gravel, sand, unground basic slag, and waste sulphate and carbonate of lime (in bulk) are also carried at this rate.

Under Class B come shot, cannon-balls and shells (not charged), iron and steel anvils and bars, potsherds, lime (in bulk), bog ore (for gas purifying), fire bricks, briquettes and coal tar in blocks.

Class C comprises grain of all kinds and most goods made of iron and steel, from caissons, anchors, and armour plates down to horseshoes and boot protectors. Very many vegetables travel Class C, as do "common flower-pots" ("properly packed"), bean and pea sticks and lamp-posts.

Ice, in four ton loads and upwards, travels (at owner's risk) Class C, as do crushed and powdered glass, bran, plaster, crude brimstone, sawdust, and cake for cattle-feeding.

Sea water in casks and iron mile posts (when consigned in lots weighing less than two tons) invariably travel Class 1. So do mineral waters and dead pigs, waste newspapers ("returns"), and small arm bullets, adze handles and tallow candles, salted goat-skins, and haricot beans.

In addition to these, soap, molasses, buttermilk and blubber, glue and fuller's earth, dog biscuits and acorns, disinfecting powder, and ale and porter in casks all "travel" Class 1.

Fish, when thoroughly cured and dried, are also permitted to travel Class 1. Cockles, limpets, mussels, whelks, and periwinkles also travel by this class, but crabs, herrings, and sprats travel Class 2.

All fresh fish, other than brill, grayling, lobsters, oysters, prawns, red mullet, salmon, smelt, soles, trout, turbot, and whitebait (the extreme aristocracy of the deep, which "travel" Class 4) go in Class 3.

Goods relegated by the authorities to Class 2 are paper bags and pillar-boxes, feeding-bottles and gun carriages, seaweed and old boots and shoes (in bags), curling stones and cat's-meat.

Other important Class 2 "passengers" are galvanised iron dustbins and terra-cotta tombstones, steel busks and kitchen boilers, palm leaves and peggy tubs, while arrowroot and oakum, infants' food and beeswax also travel in this class.

The railways consider apples and pears the most plebeian kinds of fruit, but should 20cwt. of gooseberries be travelling together in one waggon, they also are charged Class 1 rates. Oranges travel Class 2, as do dates, cranberries, bananas, melons, blackberries, and nuts.

Cherries, raspberries, and strawberries (if packed in tubs for jam) are permitted to travel Class 2, but, under ordinary circumstances, they, like apricots, nectarines, and peaches, are Class 3 "passengers." Pineapples travel Class 4, but, if hothouse grown, in Class 5.

In Class 3 the railway companies make cotton and leather bootlaces travel side by side with omnibus tickets, books, and bonbons. Dog collars "rub shoulders" with knitting pins and door knockers, while fly-papers find themselves in close proximity to trouser stretchers and glass beads.

Jews' harps and wooden beehives are "fellow voyagers" with hand grenades and fire escapes, life-buoys and railway carriage keys, knives and bayonets, gas meters and weavers' shuttles, paper shirt fronts, cuffs and collars, and edible seaweed.

Corkscrews are sandwiched between confetti and curry-combs, skates between carding tin openers and stays and stay-laces, while bed keys, toys, goloshes, copper coin, dogs' muzzles, cooked beef, and wringing machines "travel" Class 3.

All mixed fancy goods, if packed in cases, come under Class 4; so do anchovies and footballs, sausages and savveloys, golf clubs and church clocks, large bells and billiard cues, swing boats and hobby horses, rifles and asparagus, incubators and incubators, cream pies, and orchid roots.

Live animals, such as pigs, sheep, and calves, if carefully and conveniently packed, also travel Class 4, as do "cricket and croquet implements," razor strops and decorating theatrical scenery, mistletoe and evergreens, dead rabbits, hares and poultry.

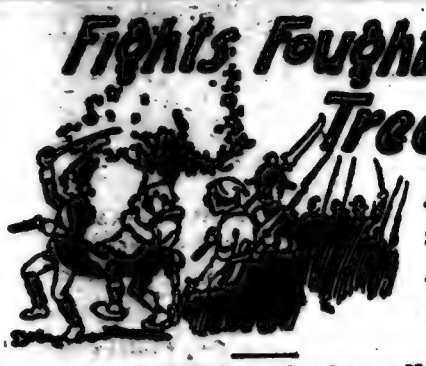
The bicycle alone boasts no fewer than thirty entries in the railway companies' private classification book. Bicycle chains are the cheapest "parts" to send by rail. Packed in cases, they are permitted to travel Class 2. Other parts and complete machines "travel" in Classes 3, 4, and 5.

Other aristocratic fifth class "passengers" are straw hats and billiard tables, school globes and bird-cages, wax and artificial flowers, cigarettes and cigars.

Dead horses also travel Class 5, but old "screws" destined for the knacker are removed, at owner's risk, at the rate of 2d. each per mile, the minimum charge being two shillings per waggon.

The February ROYAL beats the record. Get it and see.

Fights Fought for Trees.



Strange Standards Men Have Died For.

Thousands Fell Fighting for Queen Margaret's Shift.

While a Leathern Apron Became Persia's National Flag.

In one of the many desperate battles fought during the recent French advance on Lake Chad, the tribesmen were noticed to rally again and again round a gaudy-coloured "flag" of curious yet familiar texture and appearance.

At last it was captured, after a bitter and terrible struggle, at the point of the bayonet; and a great shout of mingled triumph and laughter went up from the captors.

For the "standard," for the possession of which so many lives had been sacrificed, proved to be merely a woman's woollen shawl, crimson in colour and with fringed edges, such as are sold by all Central African traders.

Certain prisoners, taken in the fight, explained afterwards, however, that the garment was a "fetish" one, and much reverenced.

It had, it appeared, belonged to their queen, and, after being "blessed" by her head medicine man, had been converted into a "holy flag," in defence of which they had all sworn to

lay down their lives if need be.

The incident shows how history repeats itself—and that, too, unwittingly, since it is practically certain that none of these wild warriors of the desert had ever heard of the battle of Falkoping. In this great fight, Albert, King of Sweden, was totally defeated by Margaret, Queen Regent of Denmark and Norway.

Just prior to the opening of hostilities the latter ordered all the regular flags and colours to be carried to the rear. Then, galloping out in front of her army, she handed the general in command a richly-embroidered chemise, her own, with instructions that it was to be the only standard borne aloft that day, in order that the troops, when they gazed upon it, might be reminded of the martial spirit of their leader.

A ragged strip of linen, it may be added, is reverently preserved to this very day in the cathedral of Upsala, and tradition affirms that it is a portion of the identical "Queen Margaret's shift" so strangely and successfully utilised

on that memorable battlefield.

When "Kavah the Cobbler," the intrepid Persian patriot, headed the great rebellion against the tyrant Zohak, he displayed his leathern apron as a banner. He was successful, after a long and fearful struggle. And thenceforth the identical leathern apron, set with jewels, was adopted as the national flag of Persia.

Similarly the Dutch revolutionists in the Netherlands, termed "Gueux" (beggars) by the haughty Spanish viceroys, caught up the term of contempt, and not only dressed themselves in tattered garments, but carried aloft as their standard a patched leathern coat—such as was then worn by professional mendicants—surmounted by a wallet and a porringer.

In 1813, when the Germans rose against Napoleon, many regiments discarded their regular "colours," and marched to war behind big square canvas banners, emblazoned with the portrait of a man in citizen attire, with, underneath, in a crimson scroll,

the words, "Palm, the Bookseller."

These unique "standards" commemorated the trial by court-martial and subsequent execution of Johann Phillip Palm, a burgher and bookseller of Nurnberg.

Accused of having distributed a pamphlet against Buonapartism, entitled "Germany's Humiliation," Palm was arbitrarily arrested in 1806 by order of Napoleon, and conducted to Braunau, where he was arraigned before a military commission, and shot.

It was, of course, an unjustifiable murder, and was so regarded, not only in Germany, but throughout Europe. And when, at Paris, a little later, Napoleon was forced to abdicate, it was due in no slight degree to the furious antagonism of the "Bookseller Brigade," as the regiments carrying the banners in question had by that time got to be called.

Near Budapesth is a meadow which goes by the curious name of "The Field of the Red Dove."

It commemorates the fate of a fanatic named Martinovics, who, together with a number of his followers, was executed there in 1794.

They belonged to a secret society which aimed at establishing in Hungary the principles of the French Revolution.

At first their standard was a white dove, made of silken cloth and stuffed. But afterwards, as their aims and ideas became more and more sanguinary, they dyed their artificial bird red.

In the great trade war between the fullers and weavers of Ghent, a beer barrel on top of a dyer's pole was the standard of the former, an imitation loom that of the latter.

The barrel was adopted out of compliment to a wealthy brewer, one Jacob von Artevelde, who sided with the fullers.

But his assistance would seem to have been of little avail, for in the final decisive battle, fought in the market-place, some fifteen hundred of his followers were slain, and the fulling trade of Ghent was utterly ruined. Artevelde himself was shortly afterwards assassinated.

At the outbreak of the Vendean wars, between the Royalists of the West of France and the Republicans, the former carried into battle with them a tree, on which were hung crowns, blue ribbons, tiaras, a cardinal's hat, law-bags, parchment titles of nobility, escutcheons, coats of arms, and so on, the whole being surmounted by a

huge wooden shoe, or sabot.

As the insurgents were the nobles, priests, and peasantry combined, the strange standard was certainly emblematical, in the broadest sense, of themselves and the ideas for which they were fighting.

But it was so unwieldy that, at the very first pitched battle, it had to be abandoned, and fell into the hands of the Republicans.

By them it was forwarded in mock state to Paris, where it was set up in the Champ de Mars and solemnly burnt to ashes.

When Mahomet lay dying at Medina, on the eve preceding the conquest of Syria, his chief officers assembled to hear his last orders.

Ayesha, not wishing him to be disturbed, tore down the inner curtain of green silk which screened the door of the tent, and, throwing it towards them, told them to preserve it for ever as the rallying flag of Islam.

It was this standard which floated over the walls of Vienna in 1683. But further westward it never got. And it is at this present moment at Constantinople, from the gates of which—so the faithful believe—it is to be one day borne in triumph, to complete that conquest of the world foretold by their prophet.

The standard of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors was ever and always a white horse, set upon a pole. That of the Romans, as all

the world knows, was an eagle.

In the famous "Battle of the Standard," fought at Northallerton on August 22nd, 1138, between the English and the Scottish, the standard consisted of a freshly-cut pine tree, stripped bare of its branches, and surmounted by a cross, attached to which was a pyx containing the sacramental wafer. The whole was so unwieldy that it had to be borne upon a wooden, four-wheeled car.

But perhaps the most famous of all improvised battle-flags was that carried by the Marseillaise Battalion when storming the Tuileries, August 10th, 1792. It consisted of a pair of black silk breeches, extended on a cross-staff, and bearing the motto, in white cotton lettering, "Without breeches, but free!"

Immediately beneath streamed a bannerette, with the words: "Tremble, tyrants; here are the Sans-culottes"; while the top of the pole was surmounted by a freshly killed bullock's heart, and labelled "Heart of an Aristocrat."

And beneath and around this ghastly standard was fought the first and most terrible fight in the first and most terrible of modern revolutions.

PREFERRED PAPA.

Mother (at a reception): "Why didn't you accompany Mr. Nicefello out to supper?"

Sweet Girl: "I preferred to go with papa."

Mother: "Mr. Nicefello is devoted to you, and seemed much dejected by your refusal. I thought you—er—rather liked him."

Sweet Girl (blushingly): "I do."

Mother: "Then why didn't you go out to supper with him?"

Sweet Girl: "Well, if you must know, it's because I was ravenously hungry."

"Were you frightened, my darling?" asked a doting mother of her little one, who had been lost, and was found after several hours of diligent search.

"Why, no, mamma," replied the child, wonderingly; "I wasn't lost; it was my home that was lost."

"Didn't I tell you not to propose to me again?"

"You said something of the kind, but of course it made no impression on me."

"Oh, it didn't! Well, I'll give you a lesson now that you won't forget. You'll never propose to me again."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to accept you."

GETTING UP TO MUSIC.

How Eccentrics Perform their Morning Toilets.

Those who find it hard to get out of bed may envy the luxurious beings the attendance of valets and assiduous servants each morning.

A leisurely gentleman must have a whisky hot, well-sweetened, with a slice of lemon, before the irksome business of bathing and dressing begins. Music, also, is necessary to his comfort while the liquid is sipped, and music he must hear all through the process of the toilet. While his valet shaves and assists him to dress, a musical organ rattles off lively tunes outside the door. These are supposed to hasten the work of robing and dispel gloomy thoughts.

Few men shirk the morning tub, but an indolent fellow of means finds the bathroom unpleasant in the early hours. His attendant sponges him over as he reposes in bed, using perfumed water and paper towels of Eastern manufacture.

A bath of soap-suds, thickened almost to a jelly, stands by the side of another lazy man's bed. On rising he may literally tumble into the bowl, the labour of rubbing and scrubbing falling to the lot of his faithful servant. This bath takes some time to prepare, its user enjoying meanwhile a cigarette and an "eye-opener" of strong whisky and lemon water.

Then, before the actual robing begins, he must hear the latest jokes from the comic journals, the newspapers being too solid reading until after breakfast.

The palm for sheer idleness may be awarded to a wealthy Washington gentleman. Though of robust disposition, he enacts the part of a confirmed invalid after the night's repose. He insists on being bathed, dressed, and groomed without so much as lifting a finger. Sleeping in a room on the ground floor, he is wheeled into the breakfast-room in a bath chair, takes his meal thus seated, and becomes active only when it is dispatched. Peculiar to relate, he goes hunting, shooting, or cycling during the day, and pretends to take great interest in games of strength.

Huge bouquets of roses and the choicest of hot-house flowers are brought to the bedside of a fastidious individual, who, smoking as he lazily reclines under the eider-down, feasts his eye on the floral display around him. As a nerve-soother, he imagines the flowery atmosphere has no parallel. No matter the season or the scarcity of flowers, the roses and exotics appear with the regularity of morning. Neither must the show be meagre; his florist is prepared to disappoint many in order to furnish him with the daily supply.

Though admitting the virtues of exercise on rising, a "moneyed gentleman" prefers taking the drill in bed. To a severe operation of punching, pounding, and kneading he submits himself, the work lasting fully fifteen minutes, leaving the operator—his non-complaining valet—in a state of utter exhaustion. Friction with rough towels follows in place of bathing, when the more leisurely task of donning his clothes fits his lordship for appearance.

INVALUABLE TO EVERY WIFE AND HOUSEKEEPER.

Part I. Ready Tuesday next, January 26th.

PEARSON'S HOME MANAGEMENT.

Edited by "ISOBEL" of "HOME NOTES."

TO BE ISSUED IN

TWELVE FORTNIGHTLY PARTS.

Price 7d. Net Each.

This work is the most thoroughly up-to-date and exhaustive work on HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT ever published, and contains 12 Beautiful Coloured Illustrations, 64 Full-Page Illustrations, together with a large number of Cuts in the Text.

The subjects are treated with such thoroughness by well-known authorities as to render the Work invaluable to every Household.

PART I. READY TUESDAY NEXT, JAN. 26.
ORDER IT NOW.

To be had at all Railway Bookstalls and Newsagents or of the publishers, C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

. . . THE . . .

GAMBLE OF LIFE.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

Author of "Life's Great Handicap," "Dolores," "A Coward's Marriage," "The Shadow of Her Sin," etc.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR.

Settling Day.

JOAN was the last to leave the hall; she lingered behind after she had seen Mrs. Smith and Pete and Bill and Joe to the head of the stairs, and looked inquiringly into her mother's face.

"You have spent a happy day, Joan?" Anne whispered.

"Oh, so happy!" She looked at Paul. "How can I—how can we—ever thank you?"

"By running and jumping straight into bed and going right off to sleep," he replied with attempted lightness, "so that we see roses on your cheeks to-morrow!"

She left them slowly, doubtfully, instinctively feeling something unusual had happened or was going to happen; guessing that the man she had admitted an hour ago was going to strangely influence, perhaps alter the lives of all three of them.

When she had gone and they heard her bedroom door close Paul and Anne turned and looked at one another. Pity on the face of one, fear on the face of the other.

"Is he in the dining-room?"

Anne nodded. Paul crossed to the door and unlocked it.

"Remember Joan," Anne whispered hurriedly. "Her future life and happiness are also yours! I don't want you to think of me, but of her."

Paul flung open the door, and Brian Maxwell stood before them. Directly he saw Paul he extended his hand, but spoke no word. Paul took it and gripped it tightly, and for some seconds each man looked steadily into the other's face, too moved to speak.

At last Paul broke the silence.

"Come—to the fireside, sit in a comfortable chair; you're tired, and cold, and—and hungry perhaps. Let me get you some food!"

Brian Maxwell laughed.

"I had no thought for food a minute ago, but the sight and smell of it in there"—pointing to the dining-room—"reminds me that I am almost starving!"

Swiftly Anne prepared a small table by the fire and loaded it with food and wine, and then she and Paul waited on Brian and watched him eat and drink—in silence.

Speech was so difficult.

"Thanks," Brian said at last. "I feel better—I feel a different man. I haven't tasted wine for four years!"

Paul handed him his cigar-case.

Brian smiled as he lit a cigar and lay back with half closed eyes.

"I've been dead," he murmured drowsily, "dead and buried all these years. Now I've come back to life; now I'm going to live again and love!"

The silence grew more tense, more electric; Anne was afraid to breathe. Paul waited with a tightly set face.

"Paul, old man, tell me where she is, for of course you know! Directly I knew it was your house, the hope that she was here sprang in my breast. But"—Brian glanced at Anne—"I am wrong, I suppose?"

"She is not here, she is in London," Paul whispered.

"Our little Princess," Brian said softly and dreamily. "You have taken care of her, old man—you and the boys!"

Paul did not reply.

Brian rose and looked at Anne Bramant.

"You promised to speak when I was released. You will keep your promise?"

She cowered before him, but did not reply.

"You promised to speak that night we met over Indulie's dead body, you promised to speak whenever I should ask you. I ask you now—will you keep your promise?"

Still she made no reply. Only her body quivered and shook with suppressed sobs.

Paul laid his hand on her arm.

"You promised *me*, you will keep your promise? Remember Joan! Joan would be sorry if she knew that her mother broke her word."

At last Anne spoke.

"I will keep my promise!"

Brian gave a sigh of relief.

No one heard the sound of footsteps approaching along the corridor above as Anne drew herself up proudly and faced Brian Maxwell.

"I will come with you to-morrow at daybreak. I will do whatever you ask me, and I will confess the whole truth concerning Indulie's death, I will tell all I know and remember, without fear. And if I suffer, if I have to pay for a crime I never intended to commit—in my own heart I may honestly say I never even committed—then I will do so, and I will leave my daughter Joan in your hands, trusting you to guard her and make her happy, and keep the truth from her. For you are good men, I know—but I have not been altogether a good woman. I have only loved—Joan."

The footsteps along the corridor ceased. Someone was leaning over the oak banisters, watching and listening.

"We will take care of her," Paul and Brian echoed together.

"Tell me once again," Brian asked gently, "all that occurred that night at Maundon. Tell me exactly how you met Indulie, what he said and did, and how it happened."

Anne Bramant obeyed, omitting nothing, sparing no detail.

"Are you certain no one else was near the Castle that night?" Brian asked. "Is there no chance of finding someone who could bear out your statements, prove that you did not wilfully push Indulie over, but that you only defended yourself?"

"There is no one—how could there be?" she replied hopelessly. "If anyone had seen us he would have spoken long ago."

The figure on the landing above started, and his lips moved as if he were about to speak, but he checked himself and remained silent.

"Where was your brother? Joe Thompson mentioned a brother, was he not with you at the time?"

Anne shook her head.

"I have much to blame myself for," Brian whispered. "If you do suffer," to Anne, "you will know that I shall suffer too—all my life."

"I don't want that," she replied. "I know how beautiful happiness is—I want everyone to be happy."

The man leaning over the banisters came a step lower. His big, dog-like eyes were fixed on the little group round the fire; his ears were strained to catch every word.

"If it were not for Molly," Brian continued, "rather than risk your happiness, old friend, and the happiness of the girl you love, I would let the past bury the past and face life just as I am—a ticket-of-leave man!"

A clock chimed the hour—two!

Paul held out his hand.

"You must come to my room and sleep, Brian. I will see you are called in time."

"I'd rather remain here," he replied. "I cannot sleep. I shall just smoke and think until the daylight comes."

"Good night," Anne said. "I will be ready at daylight."

"Good night!"

Paul lit her candle. The man at the head of the stairs moved away along the corridor and paused outside one of the bedroom doors. He put his face against the door as he whispered quietly: "There ain't going to be no risk took with your happiness, Joan—I'll see to that! Why didn't I guess afore?" He smiled and moved away to his own room.

"Guess I remember it all quite clearly now," he said to himself. "And I can't make no error, 'cause no one was there to see—no one else!"

He chuckled softly and rolled into bed

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE.

"A Princess Indeed!"

BRIAN MAXWELL was admitted to Molly's flat, but he gave no name to the servant.

"I am an old friend, I will announce myself," he said.

So he knocked at her drawing-room door, but when he heard the voice he loved so well and had ached to hear for so long, all his strength and nerve seemed suddenly to desert him. He stood holding the handle of the door unable to move.

"Come in," she repeated.

He pushed open the door and stood swaying on the threshold like a drunken man.

"I want my little Princess," he murmured hoarsely.

At the sound of his voice, at the sight of his face, Molly rose to her feet with a wild, glad cry, and stretched out her arms.

"Brian, my beloved! Brian!"

Then he found his voice and his strength. In one second he was beside her, in less than a second she was in his arms. And there she remained for the rest of the day.

It was useless to try to talk with words—no words could express the joy of each minute of the present, nor the sorrows of each year of the past nor all that had happened, nor all that was going to happen.

But next day, when Brian explained to her that Anne Bramant was going to prove his innocence, Molly begged him, if he were only considering her happiness and her honour, not to risk destroying Joan and Paul's future, nor Anne Bramant's own life.

"Such great joy has been vouchsafed me in your return and your love, dearest, I cannot let others suffer, whatever they have done."

Then he gently explained to her how impossible and how wrong (if it were possible) it would be for him to marry her whilst, by his own confession, he had been instrumental in causing her husband's death.

Then Molly, generous, tender-hearted Molly, unconsciously playing the part of the true Princess which Nature had assigned her, pleaded that she and Brian might go down to Paul's wedding, and take Anne Bramant with them.

"You don't know what it would mean to Joan to be parted from her mother on that day, nor for her mother to be absent from her child. The thought is horrible," she continued. "I shall insist on all three of us going."

So, of course, she had her own way. And on New Year's Eve, Molly and Brian, chaperoned, as the latter laughingly put it, by Anne, appeared at Foxhole, bringing happiness and wedding-presents to Joan.

They found, instead of Pete, Matthew Gregson there. Pete had left for London the day Anne left, on what business no one knew. At Paul's request he had found Anne's wastrel brother and sent him down, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith had been persuaded to stay on.

So Joan's wedding-day was cloudless, sorrowless, but full of love. And Anne bore up bravely and Molly helped her.

The happy pair drove away in a carriage drawn by four piebald horses, a delicate compliment to Heppel's Circus, which Smith duly appreciated.

As the carriage dashed over the moorlands on its way to Newton Abbot Junction, a man hiding in the furze-brake jumped out and jumped on to the step of the vehicle and dropped a little parcel into Joan's lap, whilst he clasped the bride and bridegroom's hands in his own.

"Good luck to 'ee," he whispered. Then pressing his lips to Joan's hands he cried, "*Mizi pal*," and ere the carriage could be stopped, he was off and out of sight.

The parcel was a photo of Rob in a little silver-gilt frame, with a letter.

"*This be only his photo—he's your own when you return. With Pete's love.*"

In the hall of Foxhole House, after Joan and Paul Bartlett had driven away, a consultation was being held by Brian, Molly, and Anne on the first steps to be taken, when it was rudely interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Pete.

"I've heard that there's some trouble about a fellow who was killed a few years ago—a fellow called Indulie——"

Brian stopped him, and Anne grew livid with fear.

"Don't interrupt me," Pete cried, "'cause I guess I've got to be in this deal. I hold cards as may help you win, marm," turning to Anne. "We was playing our circus round about—what's the place called? I ain't got no memory for places."

"Maundon!"

"That's it—Maundon, about the time Indulie was killed. So I wants you to kindly 'ave me called as a witness, when the case comes on. D'ye see?"

"But I don't understand."

"You will if you does as I asks," Pete replied sententiously.

He refused to say anything further.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX.

The Princess—and a Prince.

THE winter dragged slowly away in England; in Italy the Spring-time and the roses had already arrived.

Joan sometimes wondered if she and Paul had not stopped off the earth into Paradise. The deep blue skies, the stately palms and brilliant orange-trees, the air, heavy with perfumes, and music and love—it was all wonderful.

Summer approached, and France and Italy grew too hot, and Paul took Joan north.

"The heather and bracken will be coming out on Dartmoor soon," she said one day, and he knew that at last she longed for England and home.

But he could not take her back until he heard that the trial was over, and that Brian was proved innocent and Anne——

He dared not hope—he only prayed. Prayed for the best and that strength be given to his beloved wife to bear whatever burden was given her.

It was a consolation to know that a new trial had been ordered, but the delays were terrible, and of course the English newspapers were full of reports regarding the sensational development of the Maundon murder.

At last Paul received a wire, saying that the date of the trial was definitely fixed for June the twenty-fourth. He told Joan that early in July they might be able to return to England, and he gently hinted at certain business that was worrying her mother, business connected with the message the convict had given her at Dartmoor.

"She alone can prove his innocence," he explained, "but on doing so she is risking a great deal—you must be strong Joan, dear, and help her by trusting her; it may be some time before you meet again. Will you be brave and trust her because you love her?"

"With you beside me how can I help being brave?" she replied. "With your love and help, I think I could bear anything."

The weeks slipped by and Joan little guessed the agony of doubt and fear that filled Paul's mind as June the twenty-fourth approached. When at last the day arrived he spent it walking between the hotel and the little post-office in the Brittany village where they were staying.

It was not until night fell that a telegram arrived, which he opened when he was quite alone with a trembling hand. He only expected news of the trial as far as it had gone at the opening. But the telegram merely read:

"Return at once, arriving not later than the thirtieth.—PETE."

* * * * *

The court was crowded. All the world and his wife struggled for admittance. Society had been yearning for a nice new sensational scandal, and here was one ready made. An old scandal rejuvenated. The halfpenny papers simply shrieked with delight, and the penny papers metaphorically shook their heads and said it was very sad, but full details would be found inside.

Everything went as Society expected and hoped. Unfortunately the details were scant, and the counsel and witnesses on both sides few and brief.

When Anne Bramant left the box there was little doubt that Brian was innocent, and she guilty.

Then the last witness was called, "Pete Barloni!"

Pete shambled into the witness-box, took the oath reverently, and told his story.

No one had heard it before, not even Anne or Brian or their solicitors.

They watched him with hope and fear in their eyes and wildly-beating hearts.

The counsel was nervous, doubting the wisdom of ever allowing him to give evidence.

Pete gave one glance in Anne's direction, and his big brown eyes looked straight into her soul and said:

"Cheer up, I'm going to save you—and Joan!"

Slowly, quietly, firmly, he described what had happened on the tower of the Castle at Maundon five years ago. He described the struggle, word for word, as Anne had described it to Brian, on Christmas night in the hall at Foxhole.

The court sat in hushed silence, dumfounded.

When he had described how he had seen the struggle take place from a point on the hill just beneath the Castle, he was immediately asked why he had not at once informed the police, and come forward at the original trial.

"I earns my living with my circus," he replied. "The circus 'ad to move on to the next town that night. If I mixed myself up with all the fights and things I sees, why I shouldn't 'ave no circus left in a month!"

And the court smiled.

"I didn't know as the man was killed, and I never reads the papers, it was just chance that I met Mr. Maxwell when he came out of prison and heered all about what had happened, and then I—I remembered, and so I've come and told you just what—what I saw. And that's all I knows and I hope I've done right."

Brian was proved to be innocent, Anne was free, and the verdict was accidental death. Society was disappointed, feeling that it had been cheated out of its sensation.

* * * * *

"Don't want no one to say nothink," Pete remarked, as they drove away after the trial. "You better get your special marriage license, Mr. Maxwell, and I've got a telegram to send. Do you think you could manage so as to be spliced on the thirtieth? Mr. Paul might be back by then, and Foxhole ain't a bad place either for a wedding, it's quiet there, eh?"

And on the morning of the thirtieth of June, a brilliant old-fashioned English summer morning, when the lark beats against Heaven's blue gates, pouring her song like falling

The February number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE is better than usual, which is saying a lot.

waters to the earth; when the air is sweet with heather and bracken perfume, and the hills are purple, a little crowd of people assembled at Foxhole and welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett home again after their long honeymoon.

Anne was there, looking radiantly happy and positively youthful. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were there, Brian and Molly were there, looking terribly embarrassed, "because we're waiting to get married," they explained.

And, last of all, Brian brought forward an old friend, Joe Thompson.

"I've no place here, no right here," he muttered, hiding his face. "But I couldn't help wanting to see Molly just once again, our little Princess. I wanted to see with my own eyes that you were happy at last."

And he moved as if to go away.

"Don't go," Molly said. "You're one of the boys, remember; I want you to wait and see me married, see that I keep my promise," she smiled. "That old, old promise."

He shook his head.

"Remember what I am, what I did."

He walked away, but at the door Anne met him and held out her hand.

"Don't go."

"I must."

"Won't you wait for me?" she whispered.

So he waited.

And Brian insisted on Pete being his best man, and when the wedding was over and they all sat down to breakfast in the pretty old hall, Paul rose to propose the toast.

"Brian, old friend—and our little Princess," he said simply.

"Instead of replying to that toast," Brian said when the glasses had been emptied and refilled, "I have another to propose. And that is the Prince—who has given me my Princess, our best and dearest friend, Pete!"

"'Ear, 'ear," echoed Mr. Smith.

"Shut up," said his wife.

Rob barked and Pete rose, opened his mouth, looked from one to another, his big eyes saying what his lips refused to say.

"It ain't no good," he murmured at last. "Thank you—that's all. Guess you're all winners in this gamble of life, 'cause you've all played the straight game. God bless you all."

And then as they clinked glasses once again they all joined hands across the table as Joan sang in a low, sweet voice:

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

[THE END.]

TESS: "Miss Nuritch talks so much about her mother's social position before she was married."

JESS: "Well?"

TESS: "Did she really have any position in Society?"

JESS: "Oh, lots of them. She never accepted a place as cook, except in very swell families."

FORTUNES MADE BY SHARPNESS.

When Keen Business Men have been Lucky.

A TRADESMAN living in a South Devonshire watering place recently purchased at an auction three houses for just over £500 each. This man does not possess even one £500, much less three, so to bargain to spend so much money seems the height of folly. But this particular individual knew what he was doing.

Of course, it is always possible to obtain part payment of purchase money by way of mortgage, but even then the pros and cons do not always work out favourably. This, however, was not the purchaser's intention.

Directly after the auction he received an offer of £1 on his bargain for one house—that which he paid most for—but this was refused. That same evening he was offered privately £5 bonus on another house, which he decided to consider.

The next morning, however, brought two letters (one from a local solicitor) with offers for the three, and, later, visits from two ladies. The result was that he at once sold the lot for nearly £25 more than he had agreed to pay, thus making this money without having to part with his own. As he was well known in the place he had not been asked for a deposit.

A shop assistant, without any surplus means, wanted to purchase a detached villa with stabling. He approached a wealthy friend, to know how much he would advance on the villa as mortgage if the assistant bought it.

The man of means found that the villa was valued at nearly £1,000, and then said he would advance £700 at 4 per cent. The shop assistant, however, bought it for £600, whereupon the mortgagee naturally enough called in £100.

The mortgagor pays £24 yearly in interest. Having no carriage, he has let the stables for £14, so lives in a £1,000 house at an actual rental of £10.

A solicitor's clerk, in the ordinary routine of business, came into contact with a gentleman who, in the course of a conversation which had reference to a coal mine, casually said, "I should not mind buying B.'s mine."

"Well," said the clerk, "how much would you give for it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "Perhaps £30,000."

"Would you give £30,000?"

"Yes, I would."

The clerk, having an eye to business, next approached B., and asked him if he wished to sell his coal mine, ascertaining that he might be inclined to entertain an offer.

"Well, what is the lowest price you will take?" asked the clerk.

After some consideration the merchant said: "£20,000."

"All right," replied the other; "I'll get you a buyer."

He then saw the proposed purchaser, and said:

"Let me have a banker's draft for £30,000, and I'll get you the mine."

This was done, and the clerk then paid £20,000 to B., thus becoming the possessor of the difference, namely, £10,000.

After a time, however, the purchaser got to know that £20,000 only had been paid, and he brought an action against the clerk to recover the £10,000.

The result was that the judge gave a verdict in favour of the defendant, saying that the purchaser was as content to give £30,000 as the vender was to receive £20,000, and as no rate of commission was stipulated, he thought the clerk was quite within his rights in retaining the difference (£10,000).

A traveller for a German firm of wine merchants was in Devonshire some years ago, and after his day's business found himself stranded quite in the country.

As he happened to be near the residence of a certain peer of the realm, he decided to call on him and endeavour to obtain an order. There he met the daughter of the earl, and later the earl himself.

While he was talking business a severe thunderstorm came on, and the earl asked the traveller, who was really a very gentlemanly sort of fellow, to stay the night, as a ball was to be held in the mansion that evening, and there was a lack of gentlemen.

The traveller, needless to say, accepted, and again met the young lady. He straightway fell in love with her and she with him; but he knew because of his position that the case was hopeless.

On his return to Germany he approached his employers to know whether, if he became the son-in-law of an earl, they would take him into partnership. The outcome of it was that they told him that if what he suggested happened they would be pleased to again consider the matter.

He then returned to Devonshire and formally asked the earl for the hand of his daughter.

The earl naturally questioned him as to his position, to which the traveller replied that he was soon to be taken into partnership. The earl told him that when he was a partner in the firm he could renew his suit.

He thereupon returned to Germany and fixed up the partnership, later on marrying the nobleman's daughter!

CONSTIPATION

LIVER AND HEADACHE

REMEDY FREE.

Nothing in the category of human ailments produces more sickness than constipation and the consequent blood poisoning. It is the hot-bed of all contagious and infectious diseases! Any victim to constipation is always ready to contract typhoid or any other death-dealing malady. The poisonous fœtid matter in the bowels contaminates the blood, pollutes the breath, produces a foul tongue, sick headache, biliousness and indigestion. If you wish to have pure blood, sweet breath, a clean tongue, a healthy complexion, and to be free from all pimples and other blood impurities, send at once the Application Form below, and by return you will receive, free of cost, the most effective and perfect remedy science ever produced.

APPLICATION FORM.

To S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd., 41 Farringdon Rd., London, E.C. Please send me

KUTNOW'S POWDER FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Pearson's Weekly, January 23, 1904.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

See that the fac-simile signature, "S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd." and the registered trade mark, "Hirschensprung, or Deer Leap," are on the outer carton, and also on the label on the bottle. This signature and trade mark will alone ensure your obtaining the

GENUINE KUTNOW'S POWDER

Business needs a clear head. How few business men realise what is the matter with their heads. Kutnow's Powder clears them.

Dizziness and swimming in the head mean indigestion. When things whirl round take Kutnow's Powder.

Keep young by keeping well; health is youth. Kutnow's Powder removes that "old feeling."

The habit of health is formed by Kutnow's Powder. When you have got into a regular way, Kutnow's Powder requires to be used only occasionally.

A too-good dinner may have a too-bad result. Kutnow's Powder removes that.

Headaches almost always come from dyspepsia and constipation.

You may doubt it, but it's a fact. Kutnow's Powder banishes both—that's a fact, too.

Women's headaches are usually attributed to the wrong cause; when the stomach and bowels are in order, headaches disappear. Kutnow's Powder proves this.

"Nerves." Have you any "nerves" about you? Are they shaky sometimes? Kutnow's Powder steadies them.

A beautiful complexion comes from a healthy stomach. Kutnow's Powder clears the skin from pimples, boils and eruptions.

Sweet breath comes from a sound digestion. This is attained by Kutnow's Powder.

People who work with the brain or body cannot afford to be sick. Kutnow's Powder repels sickness and ensures perfect health.

Props.: S. KUTNOW & CO. Ltd., 41 Farringdon Rd., London, E.C. Props. in U.S.A.: KUTNOW BROS. Ltd., 853 Broadway, New York.

Isobel will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked Home Notes Page.

I should like to call the attention of the readers of this page to a new work which I have just compiled under the title of "Pearson's Home Management." I have spent a great amount of time and care in the preparation of this book, and I feel sure that no one who subscribes to it will be in the slightest degree disappointed. I have been at great pains to illustrate it in a lavish fashion, and I have included twelve beautiful coloured illustrations and sixty-four full-page illustrations, together with a large number of cuts in the text. "Pearson's Home Management" will be issued in twelve fortnightly parts, and each part will cost only sevenpence. The first part will be ready on Tuesday next, and I hope that every one of my readers will make a point of securing a copy.

Prune Mincemeat will probably serve your purpose. Take equal parts of stewed prunes and acid cooking apples finely minced. Weigh this, and allow quarter as much suet, a little chopped lemon peel, and a good flavouring of spice. Sweeten to taste, and use quickly. (*Reply to* Woodcote.)

Indian Pudding makes a very good change when the ordinary suet pastry is at hand. Grease a pie-dish and line it with suet pastry. Put in alternate layers of sliced apples, quarters of orange, and pieces of fig. Scatter sugar and a small pinch of ginger over all. Cover with a nice suet crust and boil steadily for two hours. Serve turned out of the pie dish.

This Safe Cure for a Corn is sent by a correspondent: Take a piece of chalk about the size of a walnut and a piece of fresh lard about the same size. Work the two together. Apply night and morning. The correspondent also suggests common lime instead of chalk, and says it should ferment before use. This would be a very severe remedy, I fear. (*Thanks to* Barney.)

These Two Recipes for Blacking Brown Boots are sent me by a worker in the leather trade. (1) Take a raw potato, cut, and rub the boots thoroughly. When nearly dry apply with a stiff brush a pennyworth of black dye procured of a saddler. (2) Make a strong solution of soda water by dissolving a piece of washing soda the size of a small apple in a teacupful of boiling water. When cold apply this to the leather, then apply the dye in the same way as in first recipe. (*Thanks to* Yarmouth.)

To Dry Fish. Cut the fish, take out the inside and roe; rub the whole with common salt after scaling it. Let it hang twenty-four hours to drain. Pound three or four ounces of saltpetre, according to the size of the fish, two ounces of bay salt, two ounces of coarse sugar; mix these well, and rub into the fish, and lay it in a large dish for two days, turning and rubbing twice daily. Then rub it well with common salt, and in twenty-four hours more it will be fit to dry. Wipe it well after draining. Hang it either in a wooden chimney or in a dry place, keeping it open with two sticks. (*Thanks to* Waldron.)

Here is the Very Thing for Which So Many of My Readers Have Been Asking, a novel idea for transforming an ugly fireplace into something effective and artistic. It seems perfectly hopeless to attempt to beautify some fireplaces, as the sides are usually painted iron or stonework, nails are useless, and the fireplace remains an eye-sore, no matter how pretty the room may be as regards the furniture and paper. However, no difficulty should prove unsurmountable, and those endowed with practical ideas, by dint of a little thinking, can transform their objectionable fireplace into something quite effectively artistic. The suggestions which are given in this week's issue of that invaluable ladies' periodical, Home Notes, are distinctly original, and I feel sure if my readers carry out the directions explicitly they will get most charming results. With Home Notes next week a paper pattern of a useful walking skirt will be given away. Price 1d. as usual.

Ovens should be kept scrupulously clean, and to do this it is necessary to wash out the oven each time after a joint has been roasted. Keep one oven for pastry and delicate cakes.

To Harden the Icing on Cakes. Stand them when iced in a dry place for four or five days. The icing should be mixed very stiffly and flattened with a knife dipped into hot water. (*Reply to* Daydreams.)

Marmalade Toast is very good with afternoon tea. Make buttered toast in the usual way. Put a tablespoonful of marmalade into a small basin, chop the peel in it, and then beat it to a paste with a spoon. Spread this thinly on the toast, scatter a little chopped almond over and serve.

Vegetable Rissoles. Take any cold vegetables and mix with them a little chopped bacon or ham, season with pepper, salt, and mace. Mash some potato and mix it with the vegetables and form into cakes. Dip into egg, then breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown in deep fat.

To Sweeten Rancid Butter. Melt the butter and skim it, then put into it a piece of toast (very dry but free from any burn). In a few moments the butter will lose its offensive taste and smell which the toast has absorbed. (*Reply to* Young Housewife.)

This Polish for Kid and Box Calf Boots will, I hope, suit your purpose: Beat up the whites of two eggs with an equal quantity of water and a lump of sugar candy. This will be quite transparent and not sticky, it is good for all fine leather. (*Reply to* Silvester.)

Stewed Cheese. Take a quarter of a pound of grated cheese, one gill of new milk, and half an ounce of butter, and stew the whole gently till it is dissolved. When this is nearly cold, add a well-beaten egg. Place it on a slice of buttered toast and brown with a hot salamander or in the oven.

Two Simple Remedies for Constipation. (1) At night place five or six cloves in a teacup, and half fill it with boiling water. On rising in the morning drink the cold clove water. (2) Take half an ounce of powdered senna, half an ounce of powdered ginger, quarter of a pound of figs chopped fine, and half a pound of treacle. Mix all these ingredients in a gallipot, and keep for use. I have known obstinate cases greatly benefited by this nightly dose. (*Reply to* George, Birkenhead.)

To Give Paper the Appearance of Parchment. Try this recipe and you will have a good tough substance for your lampshades: First procure some concentrated sulphuric acid, and mix it with half its quantity of water. Pass some rough, good paper quickly through this, wash it in several waters quickly, and the change is effected. Have two pairs of tweezers to hold the paper with, as such a strong solution would burn the skin and cause acute pain. (*Reply to* V. N. T.)

Beef Cake. Take some cold beef, either roast or boiled, and finely mince it, removing all skin and gristle. Peel a shallot, slice finely, and fry it in butter with a teaspoonful of parsley. Add this to the meat, pour in some gravy, some herbs pounded finely, and one or two beaten eggs. Butter a round cake tin, sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs and chopped parsley. Put in the meat, press it down well, cover the top with greased paper, and bake slowly for about three-quarters of an hour. Turn out the cake and pour a good gravy round. Garnish with fried onions or button mushrooms.

Make Harvey Sauce Thus. If you wish to have a gallon use these proportions, and you will have a quantity of good sauce: Take two pints and a half of good pickling vinegar, two ounces of pickled cucumber cut small, two ounces of fresh celery-seed, half an ounce of garlic cut small, and one-eighth of an ounce of bruised mustard-seed. Place these ingredients in a stone jar stood in a saucepan of boiling water, and cook till the quantity is reduced to two pints. In another jar have one quart of spring water, two ounces of bruised mace, three-quarters of an ounce of bruised ginger, one-eighth of an ounce of cayenne pepper, half a pint of Indian soy; boil these ingredients in the same way as the others till reduced to one pint. Next mix the contents of the jar thoroughly together, and stir till well blended, then boil the sauce for half an hour, and let it cool. Take the peel from two lemons, shred it and dry it in the oven till it is crisp, then add to the sauce. Cover the jar closely and let it stand for twelve days. Strain it through flannel, pour into bottles, add a few drops of brandy to each, cork tightly and seal. (*Reply to* Fontaine.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1904.		1904. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
Good Friday	*April 1.*	F 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 6 13 20 27	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26
Easter Monday	*April 4.*	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27
Whitsun Monday	*May 23.*	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28
Bank Holiday	*August 1.*	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	W 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29
Christmas Day	*December 25.*	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30
Boxing Day	*December 26.*	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24
		S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25

WHY BUSINESS GIRLS ARE UNGRACIOUS.

They Don't Exercise Enough Unselfishness.

It is very generally acknowledged that business girls are apt to be ungracious, and even actually uncivil, to those with whom they come in contact in the course of their work. Yet those same girls are, most probably, quite agreeable members of the home circle, and very charming in society.

Why is it that Post Office girls are proverbial for want of civility? Why is it that women engaged in business are often positively aggressive?

It is not men only who complain of this. Ladies often declare that they prefer to deal with men in all matters of business rather than with members of their own sex.

The girls who go to business may be divided into two classes—those whom circumstances oblige to earn their own living, and those who wish to escape the monotony of domestic life, to make a little pocket-money, and to feel independent of their parents' control.

Of the first class, many are ladies who, having lost their means of living, look round for some way of earning money.

In bygone days they would have become governesses or companions; but nowadays they most frequently enter business life in some capacity or other.

To them the necessity of earning their bread is a terrible thing; they feel that they have lowered themselves, and give vent to their feeling regarding their position upon those around them.

At home, while they were safely sheltered and protected from rude contact with the world, those same girls were, most probably, sweet tempered, gentle, and courteous; but, out in the world, fighting for themselves, they feel that they must stand on the defensive, and show themselves ready for battle.

There are many girls who go into business from a vague idea that it is a "genteel" occupation, superior to dressmaking or millinery, or domestic service. They think they will have more liberty, and come in contact with more young men than would be possible in any other occupation.

There is a kind of exhilaration in setting off for the city each morning in company with young fellows also bound for business.

These girls are frequently ungracious because they do not care anything at all about their business, and do not care to make themselves agreeable. They look upon business as a means of passing away a year or two—until they marry.

Marriage is their real aim in life, and they perform their duties in a careless, perfunctory manner, just sufficiently well to escape dismissal.

They are generally very young, fresh from school, and with all the pertness and flippancy characteristic of the average schoolgirl. They think rudeness wit, and an aggressive demeanour the best way of maintaining their dignity.

Business life is not suitable for girls. They are too highly strung, too full of nerves. The strain is too great for them to bear quietly; the worry "gets on their nerves," as the phrase goes, and the girls snap and snarl at all with whom they come in contact.

It is not that they are naturally disagreeable; it is merely that they are suffering so acutely from nervous irritability that ungracious speech seems a positive relief.

There are, however, some girls who have a natural aptitude for business, who can bear the worry and strain without their nerves being upset; who look at things in the same impersonal way a man does; whose unerring tact enables them to see at once that what the girls above referred to consider just provocation, is but the hurried manner of a business man whose time is literally money, and calls for no aggressiveness on their part.

It is not that this latter class of girl does not resent real impertinence, as all human beings do, but as business is the sphere for which they are specially fitted, they are able to look at the matter from a business point of view, and not with the eye of a private individual.

This is the woman, who, knowing her own position and her usefulness in it, is able to hold her own when necessary, neither sullenly nor arrogantly, but with a pleasant adaptability to the particular temper with which she is dealing, no overpowering sense of being lowered or feeling of having raised herself disturbs the equanimity of her nerves.

Tact and observation then, are the best qualifications a business woman can possess, in lieu of a man's aptitude for business, trade, and calculation, and the trouble of the present day seems to lie in the fact that girls rush into business almost before their schooldays are over. Tact requires unselfishness as its daily companion, and the average schoolgirl is self-centred to the core.

After all, the old-fashioned idea that "Home is the woman's sphere" has a great deal of truth in it, and even the cleverest and most successful business woman would own, if she spoke the absolute truth, that no day-dream is sweeter to her than the one every true-hearted girl dreams of—a home of her very own, and a husband to love and care for her.

THIS WILL INTEREST ANYONE SUFFERING WITH ECZEMA.

Mr. W. G. Weston, care of Messrs. Knott, of 49, Essex Street, Kingsland Road, N.E., writes: "I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from Eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. My father was speaking one day to a friend of mine, who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4th last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17th, 1903.

A VALUABLE LESSON FOR SUFFERERS WITH BAD LEGS, ETC.

Mr. James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes: "It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited about twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—October 15th, 1903.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS MEDICINE.

About forty years ago a well-known chemist of Lincoln, after years of study, perfected a medicine which, after every test, was pronounced the finest remedy for cleansing the Blood from every impurity, from whatever cause arising. This famous medicine is known throughout the world as Clarke's Blood Mixture. A specially interesting fact is that many thousands of letters have been received bearing testimony of the wonderful effect this medicine has upon diseases of the Blood and Skin, and in every case these testimonials have been entirely unsolicited. Clarke's Blood Mixture will permanently cure Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Ulcerated Legs, Blood Poison, Eruptions, Boils, Gout, Rheumatism, and other Blood and Skin Diseases. This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age. Of all Chemists and Stores.

[A]STHMA AND [C]ONSUMPTION.

[illegible]r Treatment and Permanent [Cu]re in Contrast to Relieving Remedies.

[TH]E £1,000 OFFER INVESTIGATED BY A LONDON JOURNALIST.

[Th]e people of London, and, indeed, of the [whol]e country, are taking an absorbing interest in the unprecedented offer recently made [i]n "Lloyd's Newspaper" by Professor [Hayn]el, Director of the Weldhaus Hygienic [Ins]titute, in connection with the recently [pub]lished statistics relating to the appalling [incr]ease of Tuberculosis, Consumption, [Asth]ma, and Lung Diseases of any description. Many of the most influential newspapers, during the last few weeks, have [pr]inted eulogistic notices of his marvellous [treat]ment for the above-named diseases, and [the pr]essman who called at the Burgess Hill [esta]blishment was pleasantly surprised at the [evid]ence he saw that public interest in the [offe]r is as active as it is widespread. [Pr]ofessor Haynel, in a kindly chat, pointed [to p]iles upon piles of packages ready for [disp]atch, each containing a copy of his [exhau]stive work on the treatment of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.—a work [whic]h fully explains the world-famed Weldhaus Home Treatment. Vast quantities of [these] are despatched daily to every part of [the w]orld. They are sent to all enquirers, [whet]her sufferers or friends of sufferers, free [of ch]arge. The writer was assured to see [the n]umber of unsolicited testimonials which [reac]h the Professor day by day from grateful [patie]nts who have been cured by the Weldhaus Home Treatment after everything else [had f]ailed. The cures embrace a very large [perce]ntage of advanced cases of consumption, [asth]ma, bronchitis, and, indeed, all chest and [lu]ng complaints.

[Mrs]. S. Inkpin, of Lindfield (whose full [addre]ss the Institute also furnishes) says:—[illegible] 73 years of age, and for 27 years I [suffer]ed from bronchitis, with wheezing [illegible]g in the chest, and heavy breathing. [I was] so weak from constant coughing that [I could]n't out walking or [illegible] I often cough for an hour. I was afraid [to do] any household work, and the doctor [said I] should never be cured. I was sometimes in bed for three months at a time, but [could] seldom lie down, and if I did I would [have] to fight for breath. Then I tried your [treatm]ent, and persevered with it, and now [I am] completely cured. Despite my age I [sti]ll do my domestic work."

[Fou]r years later, Mrs. Inkpin confirmed [the ab]ove testimonial, stating that although [it is] several years since she was cured, she [has ne]ver had a cough since.

[The] Professor is fully prepared to support [his cla]ims and those of his patients to the extent of £1,000 sterling and will hand that sum [to an]y charitable institution we may name if [the ab]ove testimonial is other than a genuine [extrac]t from the cured patient's letter. Certainly the writer saw a good many testimonials [which] are undoubtedly authentic more than [substa]ntiating the claims of the Weldhaus [Home] Treatment to effect absolutely lasting [cures].

We can conscientiously advise those [who] suffer themselves, or whose friends are [suffe]ring through these terrible diseases, to [imme]diately communicate with the Weldhaus Institute, giving such particulars as to [their s]ymptoms and complaints as they feel [inclin]ed in stating. And no matter how [deep-se]ated or serious the ailment may be, [the su]fferer will receive his [illegible] [illegible]. It is worthy of note that [the Di]rector gives full particulars of the [metho]d of treatment absolutely free of [charge], and frankly tells the inquirer whether [there] is any likelihood of a cure being [effecte]d in his case or not. All who wish to [be in a] position to judge of the remarkable [progress] made in the cure of tubercular and [oth]er affections of the chest and vocal [organs], and the indescribable benefits conferred on more than 50,000 sufferers by the [Weldha]us Home Treatment during the past [years], should write to the address given.

Perhaps one of its strongest claims [to com]mendation is that it can be undertaken by patients at their own homes, without [interfe]ring with their ordinary daily occupation. Address in full, The Weldhaus Hygienic [Institut]e, 78, Burgess Hill, near Brighton.

IS YOUR HEART BAD?

Feel your pulse. Is it regular? Do you ever have PALPITATION, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, SKIPPING A BEAT, COLD HANDS OR FEET, DROPSY, PAINS UNDER THE LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, TROUBLE IN LAYING ON LEFT SIDE, DIZZY SPELLS, DROWSINESS AFTER EATING, VIOLENT STARTS IN YOUR SLEEP, FULNESS IN THE THROAT, NEURALGIA AROUND THE HEART?

If you have any of these symptoms it is time to correct them. Our Cutie has proved an infallible cure of Heart Disease and its many complications. Let us send you a FREE PACKET, that you may, WITHOUT COST, try its effects upon your trouble. We will send the TRIAL TREATMENT, relying on your taking your interest if it does you good. Full particulars of use and of some of the cures with every package. It costs you nothing to try. The [illegible] Co. (Dept. [illegible]), [illegible] Street, London, E.C.

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT.

EYE-STRAIN

which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send post card to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Rd., London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by all Chemists and Stores.

RUPTURE.

Dr. Pierce's Electric Truss is a Marvel. Nothing like it. Best Retainer on earth and a Genuine Cure for Rupture. World-renowned. [illegible] If ruptured, send a stamp (any sort) for our "Booklet No. 1."—[illegible] Truss Co., 19 City Road, London, E.C. Also New York, San Francisco, and Sydney, Australia.

SNOWITE COLLARS

[illegible] Will not crack or turn yellow. Always ready for wear. When soiled, washed with soap and water and dried on towel. No starching. [illegible] COLLARS [illegible] CUFFS [illegible] FRONTS [illegible] PARKER'S DEPT. 63, LANCASTER. Full Illustrated List Free. Spare time agents wanted. Good pay.

EIFFEL TOWER

Bun and Cake making made so easy that even a child can make delicious light buns and cakes with certain success by using Eiffel Tower

BUN FLOUR

DON'T BE MISLED

into buying inferior Coffee Essences, often pushed for the sake of extra profit.

PATERSON'S

"Camp" COFFEE

contains more and finer Coffee than any competing brand. It contains neither glucose, burnt sugar, nor any other adulterant.

BE WISE and insist on having CAMP COFFEE

THE DAILY EXPRESS.

Halfpenny Morning Paper.

Marvellous Growth of Hair.

A Famous American - Doctor - Chemist Has Discovered a Compound That Grows Hair on a Bald Head in a Single Night.

Startling Announcement Causes Doctors to Marvel and Stand Dumfounded at the Wonderful Cures.

The Discoverer Sends, Postpaid, Free Trial Packages to All Who Write.

After half a century spent in the laboratory, crowned with high honours for his many world-famous discoveries, the celebrated physician-chemist at the

MISS CLARISSA KERBY and Her Marvellous Growth of Hair.

head of the great Altenheim Medical Dispensary has just made the startling announcement that he has produced a compound that grows hair on any bald head. The doctor makes the claim that after experiments, taking years to complete, he has at last reached the goal of his ambition. To the doctor all heads are alike. There are none which cannot be cured by this remarkable remedy. The record of the cures already made is truly marvellous, and were it not for the high standing of the great physician and the convincing testimony of thousands of citizens all over the country, it would seem too miraculous to be true.

There can be no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claims, nor can his cures be disputed. He does not ask any man, woman, or child to take his or anyone else's word for it, but he stands ready and willing to send free trial packages of this great hair restorative to anyone who writes to him for it, enclosing a penny stamp to prepay postage. In a single night it has started hair to grow on heads bald for years. It has stopped falling hair in one hour. It never fails, no matter what the condition, age, or sex. Old men and young men, women and children all have profited by the free use of this great new discovery. If you are bald, if your hair is falling out, or if your hair, eyebrows, or eyelashes are thin or short, write to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 99 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., enclosing a penny stamp to prepay postage for a free package, and in a short time you will be entirely restored.

BIG SALARIES

[illegible]

BY WRITING TO US TO-DAY we will send you, absolutely free of charge, our interesting book, "[illegible]" [illegible] Electrical or Mechanical Engineering. [illegible] The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, [illegible] Temple [illegible] Avenue, London, E.C.

FREE

I GIVE A SOLID SILVER ALBERT FREE! to all sending P.O. 25/- To-day for my CELEBRATED 'ACME' SILVER LEVER. The World-famous [illegible] [illegible]

7 YEARS' WRITTEN WARRANTY.

[illegible] I will send the watch on 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

for P.O. 5/- only, before completing purchase.

WRITE NOW FOR THE BIG PRIZE BARGAIN BOOK

FREE BY RETURN MAIL. 250 Pages. Over 3,000 Rich Engravings of Amazing Bargains, all of Highest Value at LOWEST FACTORY PRICES!

2/3 Elegant Gold Brooches.

1/6 Strong Nickel Alarm Clocks.

5/6 Real Gold Gem Rings, set with Rubies, Pearls, &c.

2/9 Handsome Set of Carvers in Case.

I will refund your purchase money in full if your satisfaction is not absolute.

THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR BARGAINS IN FREE GUIDE

VALUABLE FREE BONUS GIFTS to buyers. Ask for yours.

SEND A POSTCARD NOW!

H. SAMUEL, DEPT. D, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

ANSWERS NOT WORTH QUESTIONING.

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

THIS week readers will find an announcement of a new competition which will appeal to everyone. The amount of money offered in solid cash—namely, £500—is to be given away in this competition alone, and the first prize of £250 will, before long, be added to the personal wealth of some reader of *P.W.*—perhaps *you*. With £250 you can do quite a lot of things. You can purchase pretty nearly any single thing that the average person wants, and in most cases leave a big balance over. A pretty little cottage in the country can be easily secured for this sum. Placed in the bank, it could be drawn upon as occasion required, and its presence there would insure that comfortable feeling of financial stability which so few of us are able to enjoy. The second prize of £100 is also one which most people would like to see before them and call their very own. A nice little heap of sovereigns, or a handful of crackling, crisp £5 notes it would make! And there is the third prize of £50. £50 is a lot of money these hard times, and even if you miss the first two prizes, you have an excellent opportunity of securing the third. Finally, there are 100 consolation prizes of a sovereign each! You should bear in mind the fact that these prizes are going to be paid out cash down. When you have justified your claim to one of them, the money is handed over to you without delay.

AND now for the competition itself. After careful deliberation I have decided that the form of competition given is the simplest that could possibly be devised. It is a competition which one can enter without the slightest fear that any one competitor has an advantage over another. Everybody is on an equality. You will observe by the conditions that Nuttall's Standard Dictionary is taken as a standard. This is done simply because in a competition of this sort one must have a standard to go by. For example, one competitor might find a word printed in, say, Webster's Dictionary which did not appear in Nuttall's; while another competitor might find a word printed in Johnson's Dictionary which did not appear in Cassell's. This would lead to endless confusion; so I have made it a condition that all the names must be found in one dictionary, and as I believe that most readers have Nuttall's, I have chosen that work. Now all those in want of £250 should turn to the first page and fill up the coupon there.

MY thanks and sympathies to many readers who have sent me accounts of the long hours they suffer in various callings. I cannot, of course, print anything like all of these, and *P.W.* is not a labour agitator, though it does sympathise with hardship. It may, however, soften the lot of the sufferers when they know that so many are in the same, or worse, positions in the matter of hours.

NEXT week Mr. P. Doubleyou will tell you how he got on with German ways and manners during his visit to Berlin.

"IF a bell were to be made to ring on an uninhabited island, would there be any sound there?" This problem worries W. H. T. and his friends, who have been arguing it for a month.——— I suppose, W. H. T., your idea is that a sound is only a sound when it is heard, and that on an island where there was nobody to hear the bell ring, the bell, as it were, didn't ring? That is not, however, the fact. The sound of the bell is there all the same, as the bell has been struck in some way or another, and has set the air in vibration. Our ears are merely the apparatus by which we are able to detect sounds; they do not form part of the production of a sound. If you applied your argument further, you might hold that the flowers on the island had no perfume, because the human nose was not there, or that the pineapples and melons had no taste, because the mouth was absent.

RESULT OF THE "BACKWARD" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to:

H. Wallace, 19 St. Margaret's Avenue, Burnage, Manchester; R. Henderson, Uddingston, near Glasgow; R. Landers, 57 Lord Street, Grimsby; G. W. Carter, 22 Oxford Road, Reading, Berks; C. J. Nelson, 37 Hillier Road, Clapham Common; Miss F. Lewis, 1 Cliff House, Wood Road, Pontypridd; G. Stephenson, 30 Louis Street, Hull; C. Wiseman, 51 Springfield Road, York Road, Guildford; Miss Golden, 14 Brown Constable Street, Dundee; C. Manton, 28 Rosendale Road, West Dulwich; Miss O. Draper, Heathmere, Hayward's Heath; Mrs. Beddoe, Coulsdon, Caterham; Miss Holmes, 79 Birmingham Road, Lichfield; Mrs. Dunn, 7 Reginald Street, Derby; Mrs. P. Hanson, Chapel Street, Harbury, near Leamington; H. J. Bambridge, Devonshire House, Briston, Melton Constable; V. Richards, Berrow, Burnham, Somerset; Miss M. Inglis, 5 Robertson's Buildings, Perth; W. J. Green, 13 Celia Street, Burnley; T. Hines, 20 Riding Street, Southport; J. Greenough, 43 Edward Street, off Croft Street, Bradford; G. Miller, 24 Wood Street, Hinckley; W. Blackmore, 9 Fairholme Road, Cumberland Road, Hanwell; H. Quinn, 5 Palermo Street, Springburn, Glasgow; P. J. Bull, care of Mr. Maggs, St. Paul's Post Office, Bristol.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE COMPETITION.

THE delay in arriving at the result of this competition is, owing to the huge number of entries, unavoidable. It is absolutely necessary to exercise the greatest possible amount of care in checking the attempts, and, until this work is complete, we must crave the patience of competitors. They may rest assured that every effort is being used to complete the task in the shortest possible time.

CUMBERLAND writes: "We have a large, well-to-do farmer close to my town. He is more than sixty years of age, very strong and hearty. He has never been on horseback in his life, though he keeps five or six horses, neither has his son, who is over thirty."———This is curious, but so also is the fact that the majority of merchant sailors cannot swim. I suppose it is the fact that most of us neglect the pastimes that lie easiest within reach, and if neglected during one's youth, nothing will induce us to take them up when we get older.

A PENKNIFE will be given to each of the twenty-five readers who sends in what the Editor considers the best sentence the words in which commence with the letters of the words THE RAPID REVIEW in consecutive order. All sentences must be written on post-cards, and addressed to THE RAPID EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and posted so as to arrive not later than by first post on Wednesday, January 27th. Only one sentence may be written on a post-card. If competitors, where possible, will write their attempts on picture post-cards, they will confer a great boon on the little patients in the children's hospitals, to whom the cards will be sent after judging.

YOU wonder, H. D. M., why it is that the French call London by a French name. Londres, but we call Paris by the same name as the French do. You ask, "Why are the names of foreign towns spelt the same in English as in their native tongue, while foreigners spell our places in their own way?" Well, you have evidently not compared a British map of the Continent with a foreign one, or you would see that there are very few continental capitals which we spell as they are spelt in their own countries. Compare, for instance, Brussels with Bruxelles, Vienna with Wien, Munich with München, and you see how liberal we are with English titles. I should add, however, that the French call Edinburgh, Edimbourg, and Dublin, Doublin, so that we are fairly quits.

"HAS Britain ever been at war with Germany?" asks G. R.———With the German Empire, never. Having only been in existence thirty-two years, it has scarcely had time to do more than shake its fists at us. Once we were technically at war with Prussia, but it was a poor-spirited affair. It was in connection with Napoleon. Prussia, then under his thumb, had entered with the French Emperor into the "Continental System," which was a sort of war against our commerce, aimed at preventing British ships from entering Continental ports. It soon collapsed, and led to no fighting between Prussia and Britain. In connection with this, it is a curious fact that one of the objects first noticed by a visitor to the Hall of Glory in Berlin, among the captured flags, is a Union Jack, or what looks very like it. Remembering that no battle has ever been recorded between Britain and Prussia, how this got into the museum seems a puzzle. On looking at the catalogue, however, the mystery is set at rest. It is not the Union Jack, but its almost exact double, the flag of the Paris Battalion of the National Guard, captured from the French during the Revolution of 1789!

WORRIED writes to me about purses. During his lifetime, he has tried carrying a purse, and also not carrying one, and, for the life of him, he cannot decide whether or not they are of any use. Will I advise him and others in the same difficulty?———The purse is an interesting problem. There is a lot to be said both ways. If you are given to losing money—and that habit seems born in some people—then I do not recommend a purse. It is quite easy to lose, or leave behind, or get stolen, whereas a pocketful of small change is fairly safe from such a fate. So I don't recommend the purse for the losing man. The purse, too, is a bit of a moralist, but, like most moralists, wants watching. For instance, it is as good as a sermon to a spendthrift. If you are given to putting your hand in your pocket, and flinging away money, then buy a purse. While you are getting it out, and opening it, you are thinking twice about spending the money. Then, when you open the purse, you see exactly how much you have got, which acts as another check to extravagance. With money loose in the pocket, a man thinks coppers are half crowns, and sixpences half sovereigns, until suddenly and awkwardly reminded that it is not so. For the very economical man, I do not recommend the purse. It makes him more economical, and more precise, when a little healthy liberality would do him good. Of course, I recommend purses for ladies. What a woman would do if she carried her money loose in her pocket, we husbands tremble to think.

A NEW MAGAZINE IS COMING!

ITS NAME . . . THE RAPID REVIEW.
ITS PRICE . . . Sixpence.
ITS DATE . . . No. 1, February 12th.
ITS PUBLISHERS . C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Proprietors of "Pearson's Weekly," "Pearson's Magazine," "Lady's Magazine," etc.
ITS OBJECTS . . THE RAPID REVIEW will give you a full and readable summary of all the principal magazines, periodicals, and newspapers in the world—both in literature and pictures. The whole thought of the whole of the world every month.

Fuller Particulars next week.

R. G. W. writes to point out that the absurd coat-of-arms of Blackpool, referred to in a recent article, entitled "Crest-Crazy Corporations," has been abandoned, and that a more dignified one has been substituted in its place.

"WHICH is best for a young man, to be employed in a small firm or a large one?" asks J. P.———Generally, I should say he stands to profit more by being in a small firm. He is likely to have to use his own judgment more, and works less as a piece of machinery. Besides, if the small business begins to prosper, he stands more to gain from being "in the swim" than in sharing the actual prosperity of a big firm, at a rate of pay which changes little. Then we have heard of the young assistant who marries his master's daughter and becomes a partner. That kind of young man is usually to be found in a small, not a large firm.

BEFORE parting with you this week I want to say how pleased I am to find that Mr. Applin's story, "The Gamble of Life," has been so much appreciated by readers. Several of them write to tell me that it is the finest story they have ever read. It is, of course, only to be expected that an editor should be somewhat biassed in regard to the quality of the contents of his paper, but I must say that Mr. Applin's story has pleased me very greatly, and I have, therefore, arranged with him to supply another story, which will start as soon as it is possible to make arrangements.

£1,000 INSURANCE.

484 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** to the extent of **£1,000**—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature .....

Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, January 21st, 1904, until midnight, Friday, January 29th, 1904.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Another GUNNER and DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

"HAS RECOMMENDED VI-COCOA TO ALL THE CREW."

Mr. D. M'CRAIG, Hons 28, H.M.S. "Dido," Home Fleet, cruising, writes: "I am an A.B., with two good conduct badges, and qualified gunner. I am in the cutter's crew, and am subjected to a great deal of rough weather. After being away in an open boat all day I am wet through and very fatigued. Having used of your stimulating beverage, I resolved to give Vi-Cocoa a trial, with good results. After returning of an evening I feel as if I could carry on duty for another week.

"I have recommended your famous Vi-Cocoa to the remainder of my crew of eleven more men, also the coxswain."

"Undoubted Purity and Strength."—Medical Magazine.
"In the Front Rank of Really Valuable Foods."—Lancet.

Vi-Cocoa
FAVOURED BY THE HOMES AND HOSPITALS OF GREAT BRITAIN.
Dainty Sample Tin Free to any Address.
Address—Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA Ltd., 60 Cornhill Row, London, E.C.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

GIVEN AWAY
With Next Week's
HOME NOTES
(No. 525),
A PAPER PATTERN
OF A
WALKING SKIRT
Of all Bookstalls and Newsagents.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

VARICOSE VEINS,
Bad Legs, etc., are Completely Cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of two stamps.
F. W. ROBERTS, 65 Kenley Road, Southsea.

Kaputine
THE SAFE REMEDY
FOR HEADACHE & NEURALGIA.
SAFE, SPEEDY, EFFECTIVE.
CURES IN TEN MINUTES.

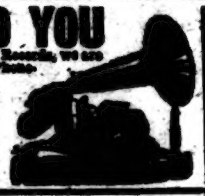
TEST BOXES FREE!
5,000 FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.
For RHEUMATISM and GOUT, those horrible Plagues, I discovered a harmless remedy, and in order that every sufferer may learn about it, I will gladly post a FREE TEST BOX, with full recent report. Write without fail, it is a wonderful remedy, simple and cheap, and many a pension to be saved, and much misery. Address, JOHN A. SMITH, 186, Hanbury Street, Whitechapel Road, London, E.C.

GENUINE MILK CHOCOLATE IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS
PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL MILK CHOCOLATE
Delicately flavoured and absolutely pure. Most nourishing and wholesome. A TRIAL PROVES THEIR SUPERIORITY. Sold everywhere, 1d., 2d., 4d. & 1s. Sole Agents (trade only): S. J. MACKENZIE & Co. Ltd., London, E.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE
DOUGLAS & Co.,
75 South St., Finsbury, London, E.C.

ORGANS, GRAMOPHONES, PHONOGRAPHS, ACCORDIONS, etc.
DIRECT from FACTORY to UNCLEARED PRICES.
CASH or INSTALMENTS.
CARRIAGE PAID.

FREE TO YOU
To advertise S.L.S. Records, we are giving away our noted Phonographs for 5 Months free. Write, giving full address and nearest railway station; enclose stamp.
Symonds' London Stores, 138, City Road, London.



PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS
BARGAINS. Send for Catalogue of Bargains' Sale of 12000 cds. till Feb. 6th only. Genuine Reductions in Lace Curtains, Lace, Blouses, Ladies' and Gents' Hosiery, Table and Household Linen, etc., direct from the Looms.
S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate (143), NOTTINGHAM.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.
(Really genuine.) In patent air-tight tins. (2lb., 1/4 lb., 2/4; 1lb., 4/-, including tin and postage
Mrs. CONYBERS, Chagford, R.S.O., Devon.

"Natara"
DRIES UP A COLD IN THE HEAD IN A FEW HOURS
No exaggerated statements about Natara. Customers bear out our claims and recommend it. Natara is a very simple remedy, quite harmless, yet possessing most extraordinary curative properties.
For Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Loss of Voice, etc., it is a VERY PRECIOUS REMEDY.
A cold often takes bad ways. Natara costs little, and is effective. Procure a bottle, and have it in readiness.
DELAY IS DANGEROUS!
Price, 1/1½ & 2/9 of all Chemists. And from all branches of BOOTS, Cash Chemists.

"MATCHLESS"
METAL
POLISH
GIVES THE SHINE THAT WON'T COME OFF.
Guaranteed free from acid. Produces quickly a lasting brilliancy.
Manufacturers—
The "Matchless" Metal Polish Co. Ltd., Liverpool.

A NEW MAGAZINE FOR BUSY MEN & WOMEN
The Magazine which tells you everything about the

ART
SCIENCE
THOUGHT
POLITICS
MUSIC

DRAMA
LITERATURE
NEWSPAPERS
MAGAZINES
REVIEWS and
INDUSTRIES
OF THE WORLD.

Ready FEB. 12th. Sixpence.
C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

IS YOUR HOME EVER DULL?
DO YOU WISH TO KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME?
DO YOU WANT YOUR LITTLE CHILDREN TO DEVELOP MUSICAL TASTES?

THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE A GRAMOPHONE

There are several kinds of Talking Machines, but there is only ONE Gramophone.

This is a Gramophone.

If you have a Gramophone you can listen to Records made by

CHARLES SANTLEY (5/- each).
e.c. 2-2[illegible] Vision of Mary.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] Gloria, the Cellarer.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] To Anthea.

JOHN HARRISON (5/- each).
e.c. 2-2[illegible] Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] To Mary (M. V. White).
e.c. 2-2[illegible] My Pretty Jane (Bishop).

ANDREW BLACK (5/- each).
e.c. 2-2[illegible] Blue Bonnets.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] The Piper o' Dundee.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] The Gamin's Song ("Scrooge").

BEN DAVIES (5/- each).
e.c. 2-2778 To Mary (M. V. White).
e.c. 2-2781 So Fare Thee Well ("Dorothy"—Collier).
e.c. 2-2[illegible] Tom Bowling (Dibdin).

KUBELIK (10/- each).
2-[illegible] 7968 "Serenade" by Drdla.
2-[illegible] 7967 Sonata from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

STYLE No. 4 GRAMOPHONE
84/-

The following popular singers have attended at our laboratory and made Records.

DAN LENO (5/- each).
e.c. 2-[illegible] The Street of London.
e.c. 2-[illegible] May Day Romance.
e.c. 2-[illegible] The Hunchback.
e.c. 2-[illegible] The Grass Widower.
e.c. 2-[illegible] Down Mr. Green.
e.c. 2-[illegible] Who does the House belong to?
e.c. 2-[illegible] Miss Kelly.
e.c. 2-[illegible] Going to the Races.
e.c. 2-[illegible] The Burglar.
e.c. 2-[illegible] The Hawking Boy.
e.c. 2-[illegible] Mr. Wilkins's Relations.
e.c. 2-[illegible] Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?

HARRY LAUDER (5/- each).
e.c. 2-[illegible] Killiecrankie.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] To Jericho.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] Tobermory.

GEORGE LASHWOOD (5/- each).
e.c. 2-2[illegible] A Woman All Over.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] There's a Girl Wanted There.

HERBERT CAMPBELL (5/- each).
e.c. 2-2[illegible] No Show To-night.
e.c. 2-2[illegible] Up I Dance with My Little Lot.

THERE ARE 12,000 RECORDS ON OUR CATALOGUES TO CHOOSE FROM.

The word "Gramophone" is not a generic term; it describes an instrument, the Gramophone, which is made solely by the Gramophone & Typewriter Ltd. Every Gramophone and Gramophone Record bears our "Angel" trade mark.

On receipt of a postcard, we will send Catalogues of Gramophones and Records, and the name and address of the nearest dealer in our goods.

THE GRAMOPHONE & TYPEWRITER LTD., 21 City Road, LONDON, E.C.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The Genuine GRAMOPHONE RECORD may be used for Foreign Gramophone Records. The Genuine Gramophone Record is not made in Foreign Countries. Buyer Beware.

ROBIN

The New
STARCH

MAKES LINEN GLOSSY, STIFF & FLEXIBLE

Is the Best for Hot or Cold Water.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

for the

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,
Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.

In Boxes 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.
THE 1s. 1½d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.
The Sale is Now Six Million Boxes Yearly.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—
THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.
Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

"NO BETTER FOOD."
—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."
—Sir CHAS GAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

"A PERFECT FOOD."

TRY ALSO

FRY'S COCOA AND MILK

A Combination of FRY'S PURE COCOA with the BEST ENGLISH MILK.

Made instantly with Boiling Water. No Milk or Sugar required.

Hermetically Sealed Tins, 1/- each.